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No. 337.

REGRET.

BY FANNIE MERRILL.

Oh, fair, dead face so still, so perfect in your sleep!
Oh, fair lids drooped o'er eyes that nevermore shall
weep!

Oh, perfect lips that give no answer back to tender
words I say!
If I had known that this would be the end,
That day!

*Had known that sweetest rose-lip mouth would
never press,
Never again, mine own, with shrinking, shy caress,
With timid, maiden grace; that tender, soul-lit eyes
would never meet
Again, my own, in love and trust so full
And sweet!

That glittering waves of gold-brown hair would
never rest,
Oh, never, never more in peace upon my breast,
Those bitter words that blanched the quivering lips
to gray,
The glowing cheek to snow, had not been said
That day.

The last farewell like that! Oh, dead heart's love,
so vain
These tears that fell upon your peaceful face like
rain,
Upon your shining hair, so vain the wild regrets
that surge my soul!

Could you but see me now, could you but know
The whole—
The whole! ah me, too late, too late, oh, dear heart's
sweet!

And I had loved you so! If, laying at your feet,
My weary life could call back to white cheek and
brow the rose-bud rift
Of breath, how quickly would I give the one
Poor gift!

Yet, dead love, if you bend beyond its shades that
fall
The shades between my soul and thine, you will
know all.
Mayhap that, even now, you wait with pity near,
To breathe some silent, heaven-sent word of love
and cheer;

And, trusting thus, I go with chastened heart from
thy
Dear presence out into the weary paths that lie,
Henceforth, for me alone; my guiding-star, my
Love,
My only earth Love, waiting now my coming,
Just above.

Little Volcano,
THE BOY MINER;
OR,
The Pirates of the Placers.

A ROMANCE OF LIFE AMONG THE LAWLESS.
BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC
PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.
JOAQUIN MURIETA.

With the snarl, fierce and deadly, of a wild
beast leaping upon its prey, Three-Fingered
Jack sprang toward Little Volcano. And
rapidly yet gently lowering his end of the litter,
Little Volcano, nothing loth, prepared to meet
his attack. But, sharp and clear as the note of a
trumpet, the Mexican's voice interrupted them.

"Hold—back there, Manuel Garcia—back, I
say, or by the Mother of God! I will drain your
black heart of its last blood-drop!"

Reckless, blood-loving though he was, Three-
Fingered Jack paused, though still sullenly flin-
gering his keen blade. It was hard to deny his
lust of vengeance and hatred, yet he well knew
the man whose warning he had received. The
first sign of disobedience would be instantly
punished.

"You don't know him, captain," he said,
growlingly, yet in a respectful tone. "You re-
member how The Scorching and Mountain Jim
were killed? That young devil helped to kill
them."

"Peace, Three-Fingers—and mark well what
I say—not only you, but every member of our
family," the gentleman, he added, placing a
hand upon the boy miner's shoulder; "this gen-
tleman is my friend and brother. To-day he
saved more than my life. I owe him a debt
that I can never repay, though I live as long as
yonder tree. I brought him here, that you all
might see and remember him. Paint his face
in your hearts—and remember that he must be
as sacred to your weapons as though he was the
veritable son of the Holy Mother. The hand
that is raised against him in anger, is raised
against me. I swear, by all that I hold holy,
to hunt to the death any and every person who
harm so much as a hair of his head. I swear
it—I, JOAQUIN MURIETA!"

Little Volcano started back in surprise. De-
spite the Mexican's avowal, he could not believe
that this man, so handsome, so courteous and
gentle, was indeed the notorious pirate of the
placers of whom so many sickening tales were
told—whose ruthless murders outnumbered the
years of his life—the man who was commonly
represented as a hideous, blood-drinking giant.

The outlaw noted his start with a faint smile,
as he motioned a couple of his men to lift the
litter and carry it to the tent of old Juanita,
the medicine-woman of the band. Then, sign-
ing Little Volcano to follow him, he passed on
to a larger tent, pitched apart from the rest.
Entering this he bade his guest be seated, plac-
ing some food before him, with a flask of wine.

"I beg, señor," he added, earnestly, "I beg
that you will await me here for a few moments.
I am anxious about my wife. As soon as I
learn Juanita's verdict, I will return here.
There is something I would tell you before we
part."

Little Volcano had time for some sober think-
ing while left alone. He knew enough of the
popular sentiment to feel that the sooner he



The bank gave way beneath his weight, and he rolled down into the ravine, to the very feet of the miners.

bade adieu to the outlaws, the better for his
own safety. If his presence among them, as the
claimed friend of Murieta, should ever become
public, the chances were he would be given a
short shrift and a long rope, without benefit of
either judge or jury.

"Let me once get out, and the devil may
take me if they ever catch me here again," was
his muttered comment.

He had made quite a hearty meal before Joa-
quin returned, with a lightened countenance.

"Señor, congratulate me. Juanita tells me
that one week's quiet will restore my wife to
fair health. I owe you more than I thought.
Only for you, she would now be—"

The outlaw's voice trembled, and the brilli-
ancy of his black eye was dimmed with some-
thing very like a tear. Little Volcano, though,
now he knew what manner of a man his new
acquaintance was, could not help feeling a
strong interest in him, though at the same time
eager to bid such dangerous friends a final adieu.

Murieta must have detected something of
this sort in his words or looks, for his face
clouded and his eyes drooped for a moment, as
if hurt. But then he said:

"Words are too poor for thanks such as mine,
señor. This may prove my sincerity plainer.
Nay, take it," he added, hastily, as the boy
miner hesitated. "You can, without fear,
though there is blood upon the hand that offers
it, the secret was won honestly. I alone know
of the placer. It is yours now, to make use of
as you may see fit."

"But"—hesitated Little Volcano, "if this
mine is so rich, why don't you work it your-
self, and so—that is—"

"Instead of mining gold by shedding blood,
you would say," interposed Joaquin, with a
faint smile. "You need not fear to speak
bluntly—it would take more than words from
you to anger me. And then my skin is not as
tender as of old. But let that pass. I am glad
you suggested that doubt, since it gives me an
excuse for telling you my story—only my wife
has heard the truth of it—but somehow I would
like you to know me as I was, before they
drove me to the devil. Then, when you hear
men talk of me, you can say—well, fiendish as
he is now, there is some excuse for him."

"Not if the story would pain you—"
"It is almost the only pleasure I have. Pain?
There are times, señor, when I am forced to
run away by myself, and when alone among
the mountains, to repeat my wrongs to the
spirits of the air. It would drive me mad else.
But there—I am talking wildly."

After a few moments' pause, as though seek-
ing to collect his thoughts, Murieta began his
story in a low, subdued tone, growing colder
as he proceeded as though he feared to trust his
utterance.

"My father was an American—a hunter
and trapper. His name was John Merrit, but
this became Juan Murieta when he came to live
among my mother's people. She was a Sonora-
n. She saved my father's life one time, and
then he married her. Only brother Carlos and
I lived to manhood. Father was shot dead by
our side at Palo Alto. When the troubles
came, he was true to his native country, and
his sons fought with him for America. It was
with him and among the Americans that I
learned what men were. Little of my mother's
blood remained in me after that. But father
died, and Carlos and I returned to our mother.
Twice did I have to fight for my faith in the
Americans, when some of my mother's people
insulted them."

"Well, I married—she was called Carmela
Felix. That was in '48. Then came the gold
discovery. Carlos was then at the Mission of
San Jose. He wrote me to come quickly—that
a fortune awaited the gathering. Carmela and
I met him at San Francisco. Brother was in
trouble about a grant of land, near which had
been discovered plenty of gold. His only wit-
ness was then at Hangtown. We left Carmela
at the Mission Dolores, and set out upon our
journey. At Sacramento we bought fresh
horses, and rode to Hangtown. There we found
Flores, the witness we needed. I was feeling
unwell, and my comrades left me at the house
while they took a ride through the mines."

"I heard a loud noise. Stepping to the door,
I saw two men dangling from a tree. I could
recognize the faces, distorted though they were
—my brother Carlos, and his friend, Flores.
The men from whom we bought our horses
had followed us and declared that the animals
were stolen. That word was enough—besides,
the men accused were only greasers."

"That was the first blow."
"I returned home, vowing vengeance, but
Carmela persuaded me not. We soon after
took up a claim on the Stanislaus river, and
were doing well. The claim was very rich, and
we were making a fortune rapidly. Though I
had not forgotten my brother's murder, my
feelings had calmed, and I bore hatred only to
the two men who had sworn his life away.
Had I ever met either of them my knife would
have found a hot sheath in his heart."

"Word of our rich strike spread far and
wide. Miners flocked to the spot in scores,
taking up claims upon every side of me. But
of them all, not one was to be compared with
mine in its yield of gold. And day by day the
hard feelings grew. From black and envious
looks it passed on to hints, then open threats.
They said it was a shame that a cowardly,
thieving greaser should have the pick of the
valley. I bore it all quietly for my wife's
sake, but I would not run away from them."

"The storm broke at last. Twenty armed
men came to my cabin one day, and ordered me
to leave, swearing that no one of my race should
gather gold in their neighborhood. I showed
them my papers. They laughed at them. One
fellow snatched them from my hand and tore
them up. I knocked him down. The rest set
upon me in a body. I did what I could. But
one man against twenty? I was knocked down
and beaten senseless—they thought me dead."

"As I fell, I heard Carmela scream, and saw her
rush forward to shield me from their blows.
They seized her—then all was black."

"It was night when I awoke. She was ly-
ing beside me, dying. She told me all—you
can guess—and died, as I touched her lips.
That was the second blow."

"I must have gone crazy. It was months
after, that I can first remember. Then I found
myself mining at Murphy's Diggings, in Cala-
veras county. But when memory returned I
had no heart for work. I could only think of
my murdered Carmela. A devil in my heart
kept urging me to avenge her, blood for blood.
I fought against it, but could only drown re-
membrance in drink. I left my claim and took
to gambling. I did this, honestly, to keep from
worse. But only when I was drunk would the
devil's voice be still. And every man that
passed by me, I would catch myself trying to
remember whether his was not one of the faces
surrounding me on that black day."

"It was in the summer of '50. I had been
visiting a friend, who lent me a horse to ride
back. As I entered camp, a man yelled out,
'horse-thief!' I was secured. He proved that
the animal was really his. I told my story.
A party of men rode off to arrest my friend."

"Some of the party holding me captive pro-
posed to hang me, and thus end the matter,
right or wrong. Others objected. One—an
Englishman—said to flog, then ride me out of
camp on a rail. The rest agreed. I was striped
to the skin, and then the Englishman struck
me forty-nine lashes. They set me
astride a rail and carried me a mile out of
camp, warning me that to return would be death."

"That was the third and last blow!"
"That night I procured clothes and arms of
a friend. I entered the camp, sought out the
man who had flogged me, and stabbed him to
the heart. That was my first blow, but not
my last. From that day until now—I might
say until my death—I lived only for vengeance.
And I have had it—yes, I have had it!"

"This, I believe, is the truest sketch of Joaquin
Murieta's life that has yet been published. It was
given me by a friend who, in '55-'56, had for a
"mate" one of the band that killed Murieta and
Three-Fingered Jack. This mate was married to a
cousin of the outlaw. From her he received the
story, told it to my friend, who, in turn, transmitted
it to me.—J. E. B., Jr.

Little Volcano said nothing. He was busy
thinking over the sad, tragic tale he had heard.
While listening to the man he could not help
believing in his truth, and, while still abhor-
ring his crimes, felt a strong sympathy for his
terrible wrongs.

Joaquin misinterpreted his silence, and arose,
proudly, yet with a sorrowful look in his dark
eye. The words he was about to speak were
suddenly cut short by a rifle-shot, closely fol-
lowed by a wild shriek of agony.

The body of a human being came toppling
down from the rocks above—a loud cheer was
heard—a yell of exultation and triumph.

"We are attacked!" cried Murieta. "Flo-
señor—fly for your life while there is a chance!
If you are seen here with us, nothing can save
your life!"

CHAPTER VIII.

ADVENTURES BY THE WAY.

LITTLE VOLCANO hesitated. Upon the hills,
not far from the spot from whence dropped the
corpses of the surprised sentinel, he could see
the active forms of a score or more rough-clad
miners, dropping from ledge to ledge, caring
little for bruises or falls, thinking only of the
enemy below, whose death they had sworn in
solemn concert. He saw them, and knew that
to be discovered within the outlaws' camp
would stamp him as one of their number. It
looked cowardly to run, yet he could not stand
and fight against the man-hunters. Neither
could he—in his present mood—join them
against Murieta.

With the hasty warning, Joaquin had turned
away, never doubting but it would be heeded.
Only a stern resolve to fight hard, to fight to
the death in defense of his helpless wife, whom
he loved even more tenderly than his first, the
murdered Carmela—he had thoughts for noth-
ing else.

Already the dropping fire grew more steady
and continuous. The outlaws, quickly recov-
ering from their surprise, flocked to the call of
Joaquin, fighting desperately, for they knew
that defeat meant inevitable death.

This much the boy miner saw, then he turned
and picked his way up the valley as rapidly
as was consistent with safety. The trail was
easy enough. He had only to pass up the val-
ley for a reasonable distance, then leave it by
any convenient defile or else by scaling the
hills. After that—what? Little Volcano look-
ed a little puzzled. While following Joaquin's
lead, he had completely lost his bearings. The
lay of the ground was an enigma to him. He
had never been in the vicinity before. He had
paid little attention to the sun; besides, now it
was almost directly above his head.

A few moments' thinking, puzzling over his
situation, was enough to convince Little Vol-
cano that he was indeed lost. But this did not
give him much uneasiness. He knew that he
could not be many miles from Hard Luck, and
a view from the top of almost any of the sur-
rounding peaks would set him right.

Striking into a narrow defile, he glided rap-
idly along, soon leaving behind him the
sounds of fighting. Only a few hours before
he would have gladly welcomed the tidings
that Joaquin Murieta's race was run, but now
—so deep an impression had the outlaw's his-
tory made upon him—he caught himself hop-
ing that he at least, with his beautiful wife,
would escape unharmed.

"The devil is never as black as they paint
him. They make Joaquin out a perfect fiend—
a murderer for pure love of bloodshed. Never
a word is said of his wrongs. Even suppose he
stretched the facts a little, what he must have
suffered was enough to make a devil of a saint.
I can't blame him much for taking the war-
trail—I would have done as much myself."

Possibly Little Volcano would not have ad-
mitted as much to any one else, but he really
meant what he said to himself. The magic of
the outlaw's words had not entirely left him.

Satisfied that he had made a sufficient cir-
cuit to carry him clear of the miners, the boy
miner veered to the right, hoping thus to strike
the trail followed while bearing the litter, feel-
ing sure that, this accomplished, he could eas-
ily retrace his steps to the pocket where he had
left his tools. He could still hear an occasional
far-away shot, and from this fact he judged
that the outlaws had taken to the rocks and
were still standing at bay.

Suddenly Little Volcano paused, then sprang
behind a clump of bushes beside him. Among
the mountains, as on the prairie, every prudent
man regards a stranger as an enemy until he is
proven the contrary.

Parting the leaves, Little Volcano peered
forth upon the object of his suspicions. Pre-
sently the hard look in his eyes softened, and a
smile crept over his face.

A man was sitting at the foot of a distorted
pine tree. Upon his knees, nursing it with both
hands as though it were a baby, he held a ca-
pacious leather flask. At brief intervals this
was carefully elevated until their lips met in a
long, loving kiss, then the lightened vessel
would rest again upon his lap, with one horny
palm affectionately caressing its polished side.

"Hyar's lookin' to'rds ye, pard," politely
quoth the toper, gravely nodding toward his
imaginary companion.

"Drink hearty, pard—longer breath and a
bigger stomach to ye!" laughed Little Volcano,
as he stepped from his covert and advanced to-
ward the man.

"I see ye an' call—show yer hand!" sharply
cried the fellow, with flask in one hand and
cocked revolver in the other, all traces of drum-
kenness vanishing as if by magic.

"A bob-tail flush—the pot's yours," replied
the boy miner, promptly falling in with his

humor. "Easy, pard—don't come down too heavy on a stranger. Tain't white man's law to give a fellow a bullet when he asks for a friendly nip of oh-be-joyful!"

"I didn't know but you was Walk-in, or some of his tribe, when you fust spoke—but now I see ye, reckon ye don't look very dangerous, after all," granted the miner, lowering his weapon.

"I know I'm little, but those who tackle me generally find me woolly and hard to carry," retorted the youth.

"Your tongue makes the biggest part of ye—bust squat down. It's mighty pore business, this drinkin' fer both sides. You came 'most too late, but I reckon thar's enough left to fill your inside works."

Little Volcano accepted the invitation, partly because he was thirsty, but mainly with the hope of being set aright as to his present whereabouts by the miner.

"You wasn't long of us?" half asked the man, after a mutual head had been drunk.

"I guess not—I don't think we ever met before," replied the boy miner, looking most closely at his new acquaintance, but without greatly increasing his respect for that worthy.

Tall, broad-shouldered and heavy, but loosely built, with large bones and awkward members; a shock of unkempt hair, sunburnt to a mottled fawn-color; a beard as frowsy, now dampened with whisky and tobacco-juice; a face, puffy and unwholesome, pimpled and whisker-veined; eyes bleared and bloodshot. Add a red flannel shirt, greasy and torn; trousers even more dilapidated; cowhide boots, full of holes; a belt with knife and two revolvers—all rusty and neglected—and you have the picture of a California bum.

"I knowed it! I said to myself, soon's I see peepers on ye—thar's a' on'ly cuss—I did so!" You don't know what you're missin'—but mebbe tain't too late. Anybody else, I'd never say a word—but, honest, I like your looks. Minds me, sorter, of the boy I left to home—my Babby—on the farm. The darndest, smartest boy you ever see! why he'd acitly steal the aigs from under a broodin' weasel, and wouldn't never faze a ha'r. Mind, 'm talkin' now."

"Never mind that—can you tell me—"

"You bet! I cain't do nothin' else. I knowed you'd jine—I seed it in your eye! Yes, I did so! You know thar's five thousan' dollars offered—"

"For what?" sharply interrupted Little Volcano, a suspicion of the truth flashing across his mind.

"For his head—what else? You see, I've razed a comp'ny—the gayest old outfit you ever saw! We're goin' huntin' this cussed Walk-in. We've got him in a hole. He's our'n, shore. You must jine us—"

"Thank you—not any in mine! But what are you doing here while the rest are—that is, where are they?"

"Young feller," said the drunkard, slowly, "air you a white man—air you honest? Then you've got to jine us. They's no two ways 'bout it. Ef you don't—wal, what kin we think but that you're a frind o' them cut-throats? An' ef we think that, what'll be the end? A hemp rope—a necktie party—an' you'll be thar—at the wrong end o' the rope fer comfort. That's me talkin'!"

"And where would I be, all the time you were doing this?" sharply uttered the boy miner. "From your talk one would think you were—who are you, anyhow?"

"Who air I? When you see men take off thar hats 'n' speak low like they was afraid the yeth would open an' swallow 'em up, then they're talkin' of me—of the farin' watch-hose o' Grand River—the squeelin' colt as was never backed—the critter as kin squeal louder, buck higher, jump furdier, kick higher—"

"And run faster than greased lightning when he hears the voice of a man!" sharply interrupted Little Volcano, with a gesture of contempt.

The braggart stared in amaze for a moment, then stepped forward, raising both fists as though he would crush the insolent stripling into the earth. But he, as more than one other had before him, counted without his host. Little Volcano was not fond of being crushed.

He sprung forward, planting his fists fairly upon the braggart's bare throat. Falling heavily backward, the brute lay quivering like a stricken ox.

"There!" muttered the boy miner, as he removed the knife and pistols from his belt and flung them into the hollow. "The next time you run across a little boy, I guess you'll think twice about scarin' him so bad!"

Laughing over the astonishment of the "waugh-hoss," when he should recover from the double compliment, Little Volcano strode rapidly on in the course he thought the right one. The encounter put him in a good humor, and before long he remembered the chart given him by Joaquin. To his chagrin, he found the landmarks—or rather the names given them—strange ones to him, though otherwise the directions were easily understood. Doubtless the outlaw had intended giving him full explanations had not the surprise interrupted them.

Again was Little Volcano startled. He heard the sound of pick-strokes close at hand. Knowing how jealous prospectors are of any espial, particularly when successful in "making a strike," he sought cover, then crawled cautiously along until he reached the verge of the ravine where the gold-diggers were at work. Peering stealthily over, he could scarcely suppress a cry at the sight meeting his eyes.

Two rough-looking men were plying their tools like madmen. And cause enough! They had struck a "pocket" of wonderful richness. Upon a handkerchief lay a dozen golden nuggets nearly the size of hen's eggs, and nearly every minute the store was added to.

Little Volcano knew that his very life was in danger. Honest or not, few men would hesitate at crime—even murder—to keep such a secret to themselves, and these lucky ones were no appearance of being saints. Yet, knowing this, such was the fascination the gold had over him, that the boy miner could not retreat. He gazed over the golden pile as though it were his own. He even made a hasty calculation as to its value. More—he nearly made up his mind to announce himself, and lay claim to a share of the find, as the price of his silence. Almost—but not quite. He was still sensible enough to know that such a course could scarcely end save in bloodshed—in *their* death or, his own.

Then—the bank gave way beneath his weight, and he rolled down into the ravine, to the very feet of the miners!

CHAPTER IX.

SLEEPY GEORGE AND OLD ZIMRI.

STEALING along like an Indian upon the war-trail, with bowed head and careful foot, taking advantage of every bush and boulder, parting the branches and letting them ease back as he passed through, now gliding rapidly forward, now bending down until he lay almost prostrate—a human lizard. His actions were those of a man hunting some suspicious and wary animal that a single false step might alarm and send it off forever beyond his reach.

Hunting he was—but his object was human game.

Before him glided a man, winding and doubling through the broken hills and gulches, yet not like one wandering aimlessly. Steadily he kept on, never once turning his head, evidently all unsuspicious of the danger threatening him. More than once the trailer paused and raised his pistol; but as often was it lowered, undischarged. Possibly he feared for his aim—or maybe he wished to learn the destination of his victim before striking him down.

As though gathering confidence from his victim's abstraction, the man-hunter gradually lessened the distance between them. His dull eyes began to glow, his face to flush more deeply. He had resolved to strike, and immediately.

As though to favor him still further, the foremost man paused at the mouth of a rocky pass, thickly lined with bushes and parasitic plants. Kneeling down and resting his pistol upon a bush, the assassin took a long and deliberate aim at his unconscious victim—his finger pressed the trigger.

"Hellow, pritty—sayin' your prayers?" cried aloud a shrill, peculiar voice, and a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder.

The assassin started—his weapon exploded, a look of terror upon his wolfish features.

"Wal, I be durned! You're the fust two-legged human critter I ever see as shot hisself off by a tetch on the shoulder—old man, I congratulate ye—I do so! You're a nat'ral curiosity. Ef you was on'y mine, I'd make a 'pendent fortune out o' ye, lettin' of ye out fer a self-p'ramblyatin' two-legged howlitzer down to the forts—they'd pay a big price—"

"Give us a rest," growled the fellow, edging away from the loquacious new-comer. "You ain't got no call to pester me, as I knows on. You go your way, an' I'll go mine."

As he spoke, he cast a quick glance toward the defile. He could see nothing but the natural leaves and rocks. His bullet must have sped clear of its mark.

"Thar's where you make a mistake, pard," was the cool reply. "I've got a call to you—a most powerful one, too. I thought so the first time we ever met—an' when I see you jest now, I was dead sure on it. Thar—he added, as the man drew himself together as one does who anticipates an assault. "Take it easy. They ain't no call fer you to be ashamed. I'm a perfessor, too—"

"A—what?"

"No—a perfessor—'ligion, ye know. An' when I seed you thar, kneelin' down to your 'votions, I says, s'ls I—*thar's* the pard fer me. He won't go back on a frind; then as does sich like ain't the ones as need watchin' with all two both o' your eyes to 'vent his cheatin' ye out o' yer boots—he'll play far, you bet! That's what I said—but I don't know now. 'Pears like it'd be rather dangerous bein' safe when you go off so durned easy—"

During this speech, Sleepy George—for the reader will readily recognize him—was a prey to strongly mingled emotions. Certain that his attempted murder had been discovered, he held himself ready to fight for his life, though he did not relish Zimri Coon for an antagonist. But the old man was so cool, his queer face lighted up with a look of kindly approval while speaking, that the bum began to believe that he had overlooked the form of the crazy artist entirely. To assure himself, one way or the other, he bluntly interrupted old Zimri.

"Prayin' h—l! I was drawin' bead on a head o' game such as ye won't find easy—an' you like a blamed fool, spoilt it all!"

"Was it a grizzly?" eagerly cried Coon, fumbling at his rifle. "Was it ol' Eph' which way 'd he go—?"

"No—'twas a buck," shortly replied Sleepy George, brushing the cold drops of perspiration from his brow, and drawing a long breath of relief. "He went through that pass, yonder."

"Deer meat's strong, this season, don't you know—poor, too. B'ar meat's better—but it's gone, an' we can't help it. I'm sorry, though—I am, really. Ef I only knowed—"

"Never mind. Mebbe I'll strike another chance. But say—old man—no 'fence ef I speak out plain?"

"Atween gentlemen? Not a bit—not a bit, pard."

"Well, it 'pears to me you've growed mighty friendly, all to once. You used to look at me like I was a pizen mean purp—"

"Strategy, pard—don't ye see?" chuckled Coon, poking the bum in the short ribs facetiously. "We war watched—sh—I never mind speakin' uv names—sech things kin travel on the air when you don't want 'em to. An' then—I don't mind 'fessin' it—I warn't shore o' you. I thought I'd watch and take my time. I did it—yas, I watched and watched, until now I kin say—Sleepy George! put you 'han' right thar an' I'll make a 'pendent fortune fer ye—ef I don't ye kin jest chaw my alabaster year an' I won't kick nary one!"

Sleepy George did put it there, and the two shook hands like warra friends. The bum's suspicions had vanished like smoke before a mountain breeze. His huge mouth widened with a cordial grin. And if Zimri Coon was not equally sincere, at least he proved himself a rare actor.

"This'll be a day you won't soon forget, old man," chuckled Coon. "So far as I could see, you don't 'pear to be sufferin' very heavy from richness, but afore this week's out, you'll have more slum—but thar! let's wet it, fust—nothin' like startin' out right foot fust."

"You ain't stuffin' me!" ventured Sleepy George, wiping his lips after a hearty pull at the flask.

"Ef I be, it's with the pure stuff—with lumps o' gold big as a hen's aig—an' beans by the tub. Thar it is—I've found a pocket o' gold such as was never hearn tell uv afore this. They's enough fer a hundred men, but you n me'll ride it atween us. They's only one thing—it's in a nasty place to git at; only fer that I'd 'a' cleaned it out long afore now. But one feller can't do it alone. Fer two months I've bin lookin' fer a pard. I did think that chap as calls hisself Little Volcano—which hain't his name no more'n it's mine—I did think for a while he would do, but he's too pesky high-toned fer me. Then I struck you—an' now I offers you the chance. Ef yes, all hunky; ef you've got bigger game on—"

"That's enough!" said Sleepy George, eagerly. "Jest show me my work—no matter what it is nor how dirty. I'd wade through h—l chin deep for a chance at a pocket like that!"

"Tain't so fur off as that—not quite," laughed Zimri.

"Two hours from now I'll take us to it. Ef it's all understood—we're to go even shares, to work far, an' no tricks—why we'll go right thar now an' open up work."

It is needless to say that the bum greedily accepted the offer. If the reader thinks him too credulous, it must be remembered that was the age of wonderful surprises. Nearly every day came reports of miners making

strikes of fabulous richness—of "pockets of gold" where one stroke of the miner's pick turned up a fortune.

Together they passed through the defile in which the crazy artist had vanished, and strode on through the rugged and broken hills, Coon's tongue rattling volubly, principally concerning his discovery. But a chance remark regarding Little Volcano recalled to Sleepy George the late instructions of Long Tom, and he said:

"You spoke o' countin' on him as your pard, at fust. Then I s'pose you watched him like you did me? They's sum folks back thar as sals the feller ain't just what he wants 'em to think. 'Tain't nothin' to me, only—if they's no secret in it, an' you know, mebbe thar's nothin' to hinder you tellin me who the devil he is, anyhow?"

The studied carelessness with which Sleepy George tried to speak, did not escape the keen-eyed old man, but he said no outward notice to it. Glancing quickly around, pressing one finger upon his lips, he muttered:

"Mind how you speak, pard—their's danger in it—they is, a heap, too! Jest try an' 'member, now; did you ever chance to see him when he was plum alone—when they wasn't nobody else 'th'in easy call o' him? No, you never did! 'cause why—he's guarded day an' night. Mebbe you won't see 'em, but they'll be thar, all the same. Let a hand be raised against him, no matter whar he may be, an' afore it could fall, there'd be fifty knives an' pistols a-barin' right on the feller's heart as did it. You jest try it on some time—but not until afore we've cleaned out the pocket—an' you'll see I'm tellin' the plain, solid truth. Afore you could wink twice, they wouldn't be 'enough o' you left to grease a patchin'! I tell you, pard, them as thinks mischief to thar little cues, 'd better settle up all their business afore they tries it on," added Coon, impressively.

"But who is he?" persisted Sleepy George, his eyes aglow.

"I won't speak it out loud—their's no tellin' whar his friends ain't—but gi' me your ear so. But fust—promise you won't ever tell nobody—swar it, honest Injun!"

The bum complied. Coon put his lips to his ear and whispered in a low tone:

"He's—he's *Queen Victory*, in disguise!"

Sleepy George uttered an oath of disgust. But Zimri said, seriously:

"That's the best answer you could git. They's no tellin' what mought be the end on it ef you knowed who he really was. They say he's got more'n twenty devils as kerry's him every where anybody speaks about him. Stop a moment. You see that blasted tree, yender! Wal, right thar is whar we go down to my pocket!"

Forgetting the jest in his avarice, Sleepy George darted forward and soon stood upon the verge of a deep canyon, or what seemed to be an oblong pit, a hundred feet in depth, with almost perpendicular sides. Coon drew a coil of grapevine from beneath a rock, wound one end around the tree trunk, then dropped the coil over upon a ledge some twenty feet below.

"Right thar, 'long that shelf, is whar the gold is. 'Ll you go fust, or shall I?" asked old Zimri.

For answer Sleepy George grasped the vine and swung himself over the escarpment, quickly reaching the ledge. But instead of following, old Zimri snatched the vine up and flung it far from him, with a mocking laugh.

"Watch the gold fer me until I come, old man!" he cried, then darted swiftly away. Sleepy George stared in amazement. He could not understand what it all meant. Nor did he have much spare time. A loud snuff startled him, and glancing along the ledge he found himself face to face with an enormous grizzly!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

THE WINNER'S RING.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

From infancy to age there gleams, more lucent than a star,
A ringlet cast in Nature's mint, and worn by serf
or czar.

It bears the wisdom of all books upon its golden
And tells the secret of the soul that wins it in Life's
race.

An exhortation old as time, transcending human
lore—
"What'er thou doest, do it well; 'tis done forever—
more!"

The Sword Hunters:

OR,
THE LAND OF THE ELEPHANT RIDERS.

A Sequel to "Lance and Lasso."

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "RED RAJAH," "IRISH CAPTAIN,"
"LANCE AND LASSO," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BLACK HILLS.

In a few weeks after the above conversation, a small, well-appointed caravan was wending its way through a most delightful country by the banks of a lovely little stream, the headwaters of the Shary. Around them lay rolling green meadows, spangled with thousands of flowers, and little park-like clumps of noble trees were scattered here and there, all over the face of the country, which fell away in a series of rolling terraces to the north, where the white glimmer of water showed the existence of Lake Tchad. To the south it continued to rise by slow degrees, to where a distant blue line of hills barred the prospect. And beyond these again, cutting the blue sky sharply, were three white peaks, that glittered in the sun under their mantles of ice and snow.

"Those are the Snow Mountains," said Ibn Ayoud, the Shoa merchant, gravely. "Beyond there lies the hidden country of the Elephant-Riders, and those hills hold the black robbers I told you of. We will go with you to the foot of them, but nothing would tempt us beyond there."

Manuel Garcia turned and looked proudly back over his well-appointed cavalcade. There were at least twenty well armed men, who could be depended on to the last gasp, who all bore muskets. Manuel had also unpacked a case of revolvers, and distributed them to his six Hamraus, whom he knew to be the best soldiers of all, in point of courage.

"Think you that all the elephants of the hidden country can frighten us?" he asked, laughing. "Nay, but see how easy it is to kill them. I will show you."

As he spoke, he galloped off, on his swift onagra, between two of the park-like clumps of trees, toward a herd of elephants, quietly feeding not a quarter of a mile off. One of the most pleasing features of the country, indeed, was the surprising quantity and tameness of the game. Elephants and giraffes, usually so

timid, seemed to have no fear here, and browsed as if they never were in the habit of being hunted. The poorly-armed negroes and Arabs, unprovided with fire arms in most cases, were afraid to tackle these elephants, who came and broke their fences, and trampled down their rice fields without mercy. Manuel had no difficulty in riding up alongside of the finest pair of tusks in the party, and plugging a shell into him at a few feet distance. The huge beast staggered and swayed, fell on its knees, and finally on its side, stone dead, while the rest of the herd, panic-stricken, dashed off, trumpeting shrilly, leaving the field to Manuel, who had slain their leader with the deadly percussion shell.

The little caravan pursued its march, and came up to Manuel, when the young man pointed to the long white tusks, and said, briefly:

"Cut them out, Selim, and load them on a camel. The Elephant Riders will fare no better when they see us, if they try to hurt us. Now, Ibn Ayoud, will you guide us to the pass in the mountains?"

"Indeed I dare not," said Ibn Ayoud. "There are but few of us have ever been further than here, and I only know of one path through the Black Hills, which you can find without a guide, for it is quite plain. Beyond that we dare not go. The hidden people might attack us at any moment."

"Very well, then," said Manuel, good-naturedly; "we will not ask you to go any further. We can find our own way, I suppose. Will you go now from us? I press forward."

"Then we go back," said Ibn Ayoud, mournfully. "Oh, noble strangers! do not tempt Allah thus, by rushing against certain death. No one ever came back who went on that track."

"Then we shall be the first," said Manuel, cheerfully. "Farewell, Ibn Ayoud. Success attend you in all your undertakings, and may we soon meet again, and tell over our stories of the hidden people."

"I shall never see you again," quoth Ibn Ayoud, sorrowfully. And then the white travelers' cavalcade separated from the Shoa merchants, and rode straight on toward the Black Hills.

"Now at last I am obeying my poor father's will," said Manuel to Jack, as he rode on, "and now at last I am where no white man has ever been before me. Denham and Clapperton, fifty years ago, and Barth, twenty, only came as far as that lake we have left far in our rear. And now to see if the stories we have heard are true."

"Don't believe 'em," cried Tom Bullard, gruffly. "These niggers got scared about nothing. Because these people scare *them*, they think every one else is afraid. We'll show 'em! These Hamraus are the only gritty fellows I've seen in all Africa. Won't we make the niggers hum, if they come any of their di-does over us?"

Jack Curtis looked grave and thoughtful. "I'm thinking," he said, "that if they are such a people as they say, with large armies and riding on elephants, we shall be no where. Our little twenty or thirty men will stand no chance against them."

"If you're afraid, we'll go back, Jack," said Manuel. "No one shall say I forced him against his will into danger."

"Nay, you mistake," answered Jack; "I am as eager to go as you are, but I want you to remember that we must keep strict watch and ward now, for we are running into danger." "I am glad you say so," confessed Manuel. "We must divide our men into three watches every night now, and put sentries all round the camp, with loaded guns. You, Jack, shall take the first watch, Tom shall take the second, and I will take the third, that ends in the morning. That is the time of most danger. The Hamraus shall be put with us, two and two, and all the men shall sleep on their arms, ready for an alarm."

Having thus determined, they kept on their onward course, the country rising all the while toward the mysterious Black Hills of which they had heard so much. The elevation had increased so rapidly, that the air was sensibly cooler, and forests of walnut and elm, covered with wild vines, began to replace the palms and tropical baobabs and teaks of the lowlands around Lake Tchad.

As they looked back over the country they had passed, they could see the faint white line of the lake many miles away, but it was too far off to be plain; and as they entered the forest, they soon lost sight of all that looked like anything that had been visited before. Here, in the heart of Africa, close to the Equator, to be riding through the open woods of a temperate climate, such as France or Italy might boast, was a fact too bewildering to become familiar at once.

The woods into which they had entered were very open and cheerful. The trees stood at long distances apart, and spread out their long branches in all directions. Many of them supported vines, now loaded with luscious bunches of wild grapes, which the Arabs plucked and ate as they went along. Every one felt the bracing influence of the cooler temperature and the pleasant scenery around them. The terrible stories they had heard had made them too gloomy, that the reaction of finding the reality so pleasant elated them to high spirits. The woods became more and more open as they advanced, and they finally emerged on a lofty plateau, at the further extremity of which, not more than ten miles off, rose the Black Hills.

The plateau was even more park-like than anything in the lower country. The ground was covered with short, green grass, as level as a bowling-green, interspersed with clumps of magnificent oaks; and herds of spotted fallow deer had replaced the antelopes of the lower plains. It was a complete change from the tropic to the temperate zone; and the hills beyond, bare of trees, and covered with dark purple heath, showed that the climate was even cooler there.

"It is just like Mexico," exclaimed Manuel. "Here we are in the temperate zone, and we look down to the torrid, and up to the frigid, within a day's journey. Hallo, Tom! what's the matter?"

Without making any answer, Tom suddenly shook his rein, and darted away on his onagra, at the top of his speed, straight across the smooth grass, among the herds of deer, as swift as a falcon on the wing. As he went, Manuel looked ahead to see what had sent him off at such a rate. He beheld three or four black human figures in the distance, running with immense speed toward the hills—such speed, that a horseman would have been puzzled to catch up with them. But Tom was mounted on a creature that could go almost a mile in a minute, and he came rapidly up with the flying creatures.

"Take charge here, Curtis," said Manuel, hastily. "I'm off to help Tom."

And Manuel shot away on the track as fast as he could urge his own onagra, unslung the lasso that hung from his saddle-bow, as he did so. The three lads had retained their tough,

serviceable Pampas saddles, with strong ox-hide cinchas, or girths, and platted leather leashes. They had found them better than anything else for such hard work as they had had. Manuel saw Tom come up with one of the escaping men, a tall, long-legged fellow, as black as jet, who seemed to run as fresh as ever. The Texan whirled his lasso round his head with a shout, and the next minute sent the black nose flying through the air, till it hovered over the head of the fugitive. It fell, and the poor fellow was plucked off his feet, with a howl of terror, and sent rolling over on the grass, while Manuel passed on after the rest. He saw two others running neck and neck, and made a successful cast of his lasso, catching both together, and plucking them off their feet. Then he turned and looked round at Tom. The Texan sat on his horse, looking at his captive, who knelt on the ground with his hands clasped, as if imploring mercy, and then it suddenly occurred to both that they did not understand a word of the negro's language, so that their captives were likely to prove useless, after all.

In some perplexity they awaited the arrival of Abou Hassan, who was the first to come up. The Hamraus looked at the captives with some contempt, and ejaculated:

"Bess. Live in holes. Same in my country. Wallah! They are but dogs. Let us kill them!"

"Not so," said Manuel. "Do you know their language?"

"No," Abou Hassan responded scornfully. "I do not talk to dogs. I have a slave here—a base dog like them. He can speak to them."

"Good news," said Manuel. "Bring him quick. We must get news of the country beyond."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BABOOLAS.

The Base slave came forward, a tall, vigorous boy enough, to be sure, but black as jet, with a stupid, animal face. On comparing him with the captives, it became evident that they were of the same race. The three men caught in the lassoes were all very tall, over six feet high in fact, with frames the very models of lightness and strength combined. They had been chased at full speed for nearly half a mile, and hardly appeared to be breathed, although quite overcome with terror. They were entirely destitute of clothes, and their only appearance of weapons was that each carried, stuck in his thick, matted wool, a sort of short knife made of flint, clumsy in the extreme, being merely a sharp wedge split off a rock.

They evidently expected instant death, for their faces expressed extreme terror. Manuel called the Base boy forward, and addressed him in Arabic, bidding him tell them not to be afraid, that they would not be hurt by the strangers, and to ask them if they could guide the travelers to the country of the Elephant Riders.

The boy at once addressed the kneeling men in his own language, and the travelers could see that he was partially understood by the savages. Manuel bid him ask what they called themselves, and one of them answered at once, grinning and tapping himself:

"Baboola! Baboola!"

"More like a baboon," growled Tom Bullard. "Good name for the cusses. Ask Mr. Baboola how far we are from the country of the Elephant Riders?"

The Base boy asked, but declared he could not understand the answer.

The Baboola language was like his own, but not quite the same. They were compelled, therefore, to trust to the language of signs to help them out, and by these they made out that it would take two days to cross the hills, and arrive at the pass through the mountains which they had heard of. The Baboola made signs that the pass lay between the two tallest peaks, and that on the other side was a great river running to the east. Manuel then caused them to be released, and presented each with a long knife, which he took from the stores. This won the confidence of the Baboolas entirely. They seemed to realize that their captors meant them no harm, and became communicative at once. It was then discovered, for the first time, that one of them could speak a little broken Arabic, which he explained by saying that he had been a slave among the Shoa, in former times.

It was now easy enough to converse, and Manuel questioned the Baboola closely about his tribe and their locality, and about the mysterious Elephant Riders. He found that the prejudices of the Shoa had made a formidable people out of a tribe as harmless as the "diggers" of the Rocky Mountains, in the persons of the Baboolas themselves.

"How could we stab people asleep?" asked the Baboola, "when all our stone knives can hardly skin a deer. We have crept into their camps sometimes, and stolen steel knives from them, but it was only from their parties of slave-hunters, who came after us to steal slaves. We are swift of foot, but it is only from fleeing from our enemies."

Manuel assured them that he was not come after slaves, but to find the country of the Elephant Riders.

"Do they ever cross the river to your side?" he asked.

"No," the Baboola told them; "they kept on their own side of the river, where there was a great city. There were plenty of boats on the river, but no one ever crossed to their side, except to anchor and fish."

Manuel asked if any one understood their language, or had heard them speak, and the

"Well, then," said Manuel, "they cannot hurt us, for we carry thunder and lightning in these tubes. If your people have fears, we will show them that we can put to flight all the armies of the Elephant Riders. All we want is a guide, and one to speak for us. You cannot keep those knives until you have brought us the man who was a slave. I have spoken, Go."

This altered the faces of the poor Baboolas. They looked wistfully at the coveted knives, and at length one of them volunteered to go for the man who had been a slave, if they would let him take his knife and leave the other two behind. Manuel consented to this, and went forward with the caravan to the foot of the Black Hills, where he went into camp by a little opening, in a grove of oak and beech trees.

The caravan was made into a square, and two sentries were put on each face, with loaded muskets, to guard against treachery from the Baboolas. The two hostages were kept under guard in the middle of the camp, and the fires were kindled for supper. Toward sunset the absent Baboola returned with the desired individual, who proved to be a reckless, dare-devil-looking fellow, bearing a short javelin, the staff made of ebony inlaid with ivory in beautiful patterns, the head composed of a very hard, shining bronze, that took a keen edge.

Manuel examined the weapon with great curiosity, when he learned that it had been stolen by the Baboola from the temple of Ozireez. The artistic excellence of the work was far ahead of anything that he had seen on Egyptian monuments, the drawing of the figures (which were elephants led by men in procession) equal to that of a Greek bas-relief. It was evident that the Egyptian colony had made some advances in art, in the lapse of centuries, and their new position.

Manuel made much of this adventurous Baboola, who held communication in a roundabout way with him through his comrade, who understood Arabic. He had none of the latter's fears, and expressed himself willing to guide the party across the river.

"You'll never get across it alive," he said, laughing. "The men of the south have a town close to there, and they can march an army down to the river in half a day, that will eat you up. But I will show you a pass. They treated me kindly enough, though I was their slave."

"Have they any guns?" inquired Manuel, curious to find if Sheikh Haroun was right. "No," said the Baboola. "They have wonderful machines that cast great stones, and they have bows and arrows and spears, but none of the fire weapons that come from the north. They had some once, so the priests told me, which they took from the Felatahs, who attacked them; but that is long ago, and the captured weapons were hung up in the temples, for no man knew how to use them."

The travelers were never weary of asking questions of the quick-witted Baboola, who seemed to have lost all the timidity and jumpish look of the others, from his intercourse with the hidden people. They learned how the people had elephants in common employment throughout the country, to plow the fields, drag and carry stone for buildings, and to serve in the army; that their only dreaded enemies were the Felatahs of the south, who had guns, and made forays on them, but that they had always beat them off by superior discipline.

The early part of the night passed in hearing the wonderful tales, and it was from a mingled dream of the splendors of the hidden people, that Manuel was roused by Curtis to take his morning watch. (To be continued—commenced in No. 332.)

WHEN LOVERS MET.

BY LUCILLE HOLDS.

That autumn night, so wondrous bright,
Still gleams through mist of years.
'Twas bathed in rays of silver light,
And music soft from wavelets white,
Ah! not it held no tears.

That autumn night,
That happy night, all moonlight barred,
Spent on the ocean's shore,
Purple heavens hung golden starred,
Their beauty by no cloud shade marred,
Above our love-clasped hands.

That happy night,
That starry night, when scarce a sound
Disturbed the fragrant air,
When sweetest winds that hovered round
Were not as sweet as gyres that bound
Our hearts in fetters there.

That starry night,
That silvery night, when perfect rest
Stole to my longing heart;
When for my love seemed found a breast,
Seemed found for ay a haven blest,
From which to never part.

That silvery night,
That perfect night, when lips now cold
Bestowed their sweets on mine,
My love it died, the tale I told,
But nevermore my life can hold,
While autumn moons shall shine,
A perfect night.

LA MASQUE,

The Vailed Sorceress;

OR,

THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION AND MYSTERY.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWIN SISTERS," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY,"
"ERMINIE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX—CONTINUED.

"WELL!" cried the young knight, impatiently. "I am waiting. Go on!"

"My dear Kingsley," responded the count, in his easy way. "I think you are laboring under a little mistake. I have nothing to go on about; it is you who are to begin the controversy."

"Do you dare to play with me?" exclaimed Sir Norman, furiously. "I tell you to take care how you speak! What have you done with Leoline?"

"That is the fourth or fifth time you have asked me that question," said the count, with provoking indifference. "What do you imagine I have done with her?"

Sir Norman's feelings, which had been rising ever since their meeting, got up to such a height at this aggravating question, that he gave vent to an oath, and laid his hand on his sword; but the count lightly interposed before it came out.

"Not yet, Sir Norman. Be calm; talk rationally. What do you accuse me of doing with Leoline?"

"Do you dare deny having carried her off?"

"Deny it? No; I am never afraid to father my own deeds."

"Ah!" said Sir Norman, grinding his teeth. "Then you acknowledge it?"

"I acknowledge it—yes. What next?"

The perfect composure of his tone fell like a cool, damp towel on the fire of Sir Norman's

wrath. It did not quite extinguish the flame, however—only quenched it a little—and it still hissed hotly underneath.

"And you dare to stand before me and acknowledge such an act?" exclaimed Sir Norman, perfectly astounded at the cool assurance of the man.

"Verily, yes," said the count, laughing. "I seldom take the trouble to deny my acts. What next?"

"There is nothing next," said Sir Norman, severely, "until we come to a proper understanding about this. Are you aware, sir, that that lady is my promised bride?"

"No, I do not know that I am. On the contrary, I have an idea she is mine."

"She was, you mean. You know she was forced into consenting by yourself and her nurse?"

"Still she consented; and a bond is a bond, and a promise a promise, all the world over."

"Not with a woman," said Sir Norman, with stern dogmatism. "It is their privilege to break their promise and change their mind sixty times a day if they choose. Leoline has seen fit to do both, and has accepted me in your stead; therefore I command you instantly to give her up!"

"Softly, my friend—softly. How was I to know all this?"

"You ought to have known it!" returned Sir Norman, in the same dogmatical way; "or if you didn't, you do now; so say no more about it. Where is she, I tell you?" repeated the young man, in a frenzy.

"Your patience one moment longer, until we see which of us has the best right to the lady. I have a prior claim."

"A forced one. Leoline does not care a snap for you—and she loves me."

"What extraordinary bad taste!" said the count, thoughtfully. "Did she tell you this?"

"Yes; she did tell me this, and a great deal more. Come—have done talking, and tell me where she is, or I'll—"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't!" said the count, soothingly. "Since matters stand in this light, I will tell you what I'll do. I acknowledge having carried off Leoline, viewing her as my promised bride, and have sent her to my own house, in the care of a trusty messenger, where, I give you my word of honor, I have not been since. She is as safe there, and much safer than in her own house, until morning, and she will both go to her together—state our rival claims—and whichever one she decides on accepting, can have her, and end the matter at once."

The count paused, and so did his hearer, and meditated. This proposal was all very fair and nice on the surface, but Sir Norman, with his usual penetration and astuteness, looked further than the surface and found a flaw.

"And how am I to know," he asked dubiously, "that you will not go to her to-night, and spirit her off where I will never hear or see either of you again?"

"In the very best way in the world: we will not part company until morning comes; now, are we at peace?" inquired the count, smiling, and holding out his hand.

"Until then, we will have to be, I suppose," replied Sir Norman, rather ungraciously, touching the hand as if it were red-hot, and dropping it again. "And are we to stand here and look at each other, in the meantime?"

"By no means! Even the most sublime prospect tires when surveyed too long. There is a little excursion which I would like you to accompany me on, if you have no objection."

"Where to?"

"To the ruin, where you have already been twice to-night."

Sir Norman stared.

"And who told you this, Sir Count?"

"Never mind; I have heard it. Would you object to a third excursion there before morning?"

Again Sir Norman paused and meditated. There was no use staying where he was, as it would bring him no nearer to Leoline; and nothing was to be gained by killing the count, beyond the mere transitory pleasure of the thing. On the other hand he had an intense and ardent desire to re-visit the ruin, and see what had become of Miranda—the only drawback being that, if they were found there would both be most assuredly beheaded. Then, again, there was Hubert.

"Well!" inquired the count, as Sir Norman looked up.

"I have no objection to go with you to the ruin," was the reply, "only this: if we are seen there, we will be dead men two minutes after; and I have no desire to depart this life until I have had that promised interview with Leoline."

"I have thought of that," said the count, "and have provided for it. We may venture in the lion's den without the slightest danger; all that is required being your promise to guide us thither. Do you give it?"

"I do; but I expect a friend here shortly, and cannot start until he comes."

"If you mean me by that, I am here," said a voice at his elbow; and, looking round, he saw Hubert himself, standing there, a quiet listener and spectator of the scene.

Count L'Estrange looked at him with interest, and Hubert, affecting not to notice the survey, watched Sir Norman.

"Well," was that individual's eager address, "were you successful?"

The count was still watching the boy so intently that that most discreet youth was suddenly seized with a violent fit of coughing, which precluded all possibility of reply for at least five minutes; and Sir Norman, at the same moment, felt his arm receive a sharp and warning pinch.

"Is this your friend?" asked the count. "He is a very small one, and seems in a bad state of health."

Sir Norman, still under the influence of the pinch, replied by an inaudible murmur, and looked with a deeply mystified expression, at Hubert.

"He bears a strong resemblance to the lady we were talking of a moment ago," continued the count—"is sufficiently like her, in fact, to be her brother; and, I see, wears the livery of the Earl of Rochester."

"God spare you your eyesight!" said Sir Norman, impatiently. "Can you not see, among the rest, that I have a few words to say to him in private? Permit us to leave you for a moment."

"There is no need to do so. I will leave you, as I have a few words to say to the person who is with me."

So saying, the count walked away, and Hubert followed him with a most curious look.

"Now," cried Sir Norman, eagerly, "what news?"

"Good," said the boy. "Leoline is safe!"

"And where?"

"Not far from here. Didn't he tell you?"

"The count? No—yes; he said she was at his house."

"Exactly. That is where she is," replied

Hubert, looking much relieved. "And, for the present, perfectly safe."

"And did you see her?"

"Of course; and heard her, too. She was dreadfully anxious to come with me; but that was out of the question."

"And how is she to be got away?"

"That I do not clearly see. We will have to bring a ladder, and there will be so much danger, and so little chance of success, that, in fact, it seems an almost hopeless task. Where did you meet Count L'Estrange?"

"Here; and he told me that he had abducted her, and held her a prisoner in his own house."

"He owned that, did he? I wonder you were not fit to kill him?"

"So I was, at first; but he talked the matter over somehow."

And hereupon Sir Norman briefly and pitifully rehearsed the substance of their conversation. Hubert listened to it attentively, and laughed as he concluded.

"Well, I do not see that you can do better, Sir Norman; and I think it would be wisest to obey the count for to-night, at least. To-morrow, if things stand as they do, we can take the law in our own hands."

"Can we?" said Sir Norman, doubtfully. "I wish you would tell me who this infernal count is, Hubert, for I am certain you know."

"Not until to-morrow—you shall know more then."

"To-morrow! to-morrow!" exclaimed Sir Norman, disconsolately. "Everything is postponed until to-morrow! Oh, here comes the count back again. Are we going to start now, I wonder?"

"Is your friend to accompany us on our expedition?" inquired the count, standing before them. "It shall be quite as you say, Kingsley."

"My friend can do as he pleases. What do you say, Hubert?"

"I should like to go, of all things, if neither of you have any objections."

"Come on, then," said the count; "we will find horses in readiness a short distance from this."

The three started together, and walked on in silence through several streets, until they reached a retired inn, where the count's recent companion stood, with the horses. Count L'Estrange whispered a few words to him, upon which he bowed and retired; and in an instant they were all in the saddle, and galloping away.

The journey was rather a silent one, and what conversation there was, was principally sustained by the count. Hubert's usual flow of pert chit-chat seemed to have forsaken him, and Sir Norman had so many other things to think of—Leoline, Ormiston, Miranda, and the mysterious count himself—that he felt in no mood for talking. Soon they left the city behind them, the succeeding two miles were quickly passed over, and the "Golden Crown," all dark and forsaken, now loomed in sight. As they reached this, and cantered up the road leading to the ruin, Sir Norman drew rein, and said:

"I think our best plan would be to dismount and lead our horses the rest of the way, and not incur any unnecessary danger by making a noise. We can fasten them to these trees, where they will be at hand when we come out."

"Wait one moment," said the count, lifting his finger with a listening look. "Listen to that!"

It was a regular tramp of horses' hoofs, sounding in the silence like a charge of cavalry. While they looked, a troop of horsemen, came galloping up, and came to a halt when they saw the count.

No words can depict the look of amazement Sir Norman's face wore; but Hubert betrayed not the least surprise. The count glanced at his companions with a significant smile, and riding back, held a brief colloquy with him who seemed the leader of the horsemen. He rode up to them, smiling still, and saying, as he passed:

"Now, then, Kingsley, lead on, and we will follow!"

"I go not one step further," said Sir Norman, firmly, "until I know who I am leading! Who are you, Count L'Estrange?"

The count looked at him, but did not answer. A warning hand—that of Hubert—grasped his arm; and Hubert's voice whispered hurriedly in his ear:

"Hush, for God's sake! It is the king!"

CHAPTER XX.

AT THE PLAGUE-PT.

THE effect of the whisper was magical. Everything that had been dark before became clear as noonday; and Sir Norman sat absolutely astounded at his own stupidity in not having found it out for himself before. Every feature, notwithstanding the disguise of wig and beard, became perfectly familiar; and even through the well-assumed voice, he recognized the royal tones. It struck him all at once, and with it the fact of Leoline's increased danger. Count L'Estrange was a formidable rival, but King Charles of England was even more formidable. Thought is quick—quicker than the electric telegraph or balloon traveling; and in two seconds the whole state of things, with all the attendant surprises and dangers, danced before his mind's eye like a panorama; and he comprehended the past, the present, and the future, before Hubert had sibilated the last word of his whisper. He turned his eyes, with a very new and singular sensation, upon the quondam count, and found that gentleman looking very hard at him, with a preternaturally grave expression of countenance. Sir Norman knew as well as anybody the varying moods of his royal countship, and, notwithstanding his general good nature, it was not safe to trifle with him at all times; so he repressed every outward sign of emotion whatever, and resolved to treat him as Count L'Estrange until he should choose to sail under his own proper colors.

"Well," said the count, with untruffled calmness, "and so you decline to go any further, Sir Norman?"

Hubert's eye was fixed with a warning gleam upon him, and Sir Norman composedly answered:

"No, count; I do not absolutely decline—but before I do go any further, I should like to know by what right do you bring all the men here, and what are your intentions in so doing?"

"And if I refuse to answer?"

"Then I refuse to move a step further in the business!" said Sir Norman, with decision.

"And why, my good friend? You surely can have no objection to anything that can be done against highwaymen and cut-throats?"

"Right! I have no objection, but others may."

"Whom do you mean by others?"

"The king, for instance. His gracious majesty is whimsical at times; and who knows but he may take it into his royal head to involve us somehow with them! I know the adage, 'put not your trust in princes.'"

"Very good," said the count, with a slight and irrepressible smile; "your prudence is beyond all praise! But I think, in this matter, I may safely promise to stand between you and the king's wrath. Look at these horsemen behind you, and see if they do not wear the uniform of his majesty's own body-guard."

Sir Norman looked, and saw the dazzle of their splendid equipments glancing and glittering in the moonbeams.

"I see. Then you have the royal permission for all this?"

"You have said it. Now, most scrupulous of men, proceed!"

"Look there!" exclaimed Hubert, suddenly, pointing to a corner of the ruin. "Some one has seen us, and is going now to give the alarm."

"He shall miss it, though!" said Sir Norman, detecting, at the same instant, a dark figure flitting through the broken doorway; and striking spurs into his horse, he was instantaneously beside it, out of the saddle, and had grasped the retreating by the shoulder.

"By your leave!" exclaimed Sir Norman. "Not quite so fast! Stand out here in the moonlight, until I see who you are."

"Let me go!" cried the man, grappling with his opponent. "I know who you are, and I swear you'll never see moonlight or sunlight again, if you do not instantly let me go."

"Sir Norman recognized the voice with a perfect shout of delight:

"The duke, by all that's lucky! Oh, I'll let you go—but not until the hangman gets hold of you. Villain and robber, you shall pay for misdeeds now!"

"Hold!" shouted the commanding voice of Count L'Estrange. "Cease, Sir Norman Kingsley! there is no time, and this is no person for you to scoff with. He is our prisoner, and shall show us the nearest way into this den of thieves. Give me your sword, fellow, and be thankful I do not make you shorter by the head with it."

"You do not know him!" cried Sir Norman, in vivid excitement. "I tell you this is the identical scoundrel who attempted to rob and murder you a few hours ago."

"So much the better! He shall pay for that and all his other shortcomings, before long! But, in the meantime, I order him to bring us before the rest of this outlawed crew!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said the duke, sullenly.

"Just as you please. Here, my men, two of you take hold of this scoundrel, and dispatch him at once."

The guard had all dismounted; and two of them came forward with edifying obedience, to do as they were told.

The effect upon the duke was miraculous. Instantly he started up, with an energy perfectly amazing:

"No, no, no! I'll do it! Come this way, gentlemen, and I'll bring you direct into their midst. Oh, good Lord! whatever will become of us?"

This last frantic question was addressed to society in general, but Sir Norman felt called upon to answer:

"That's very easily told, my man. If you and the rest of your titled associates receive your deserts (as there is no doubt you will) from the gracious hand of our sovereign lord the king, the strongest rope and highest gallows at Tyburn will be your elevated destiny."

The duke groaned dismally, and would have come to a halt to beg mercy on the spot, had not Hubert given him a probe in the ribs with the point of his dagger, that sent him on again, with a distracted howl.

"Why, this is a perfect Hades!" said the count, as he stumbled after, in the darkness. "Are you sure we are going right, Kingsley?"

The inquiry was not unnatural, for the blackness was perfectly Tartarian, and the soldiers behind were knocking their tall shins against all kinds of obstacles as they groped blindly along, invoking from them countless curses, not loud, but deep.

"I don't know whether we are or not," said Sir Norman, significantly; "only, God help him if we're not! Here are you taking us to, you black-robed bandit?"

"I give you my word of honor, gentlemen," said an imploring voice in the darkness, "that I'm leading you, by the nearest way, to the Midnight Court. All I ask of you in return is that you will let me enter before you; for if they find that I lead you in, my life will not be worth a moment's purchase."

"As if it ever was worth it," said Sir Norman, contemptuously. "On with you, and be thankful I don't save your companions the trouble, by making an end of you where you stand."

"Rush along, old fellow," suggested Hubert, giving him another poke with his dagger, that drew forth a second doleful howl.

Notwithstanding the darkness, Sir Norman discovered that they were being led in a direction exactly opposite that by which he had previously effected an entrance. They were in the vault, he knew, by the darkness, though they had descended no staircase, and he was just wondering if their guide was not meditating some treachery by such a circuitous route, when suddenly a tumult of voices, and uproar, and confusion, met his ear. At the same instant, their guide opened a door, revealing a dark passage, illuminated by a few rays of light, and which Sir Norman instantly recognized as that leading to the Black Chamber. Here again the duke paused, and turned round to them with a wildly-impugning face.

"Gentlemen, I do conjure you to let me enter before you do! I tell you they will murder me the very instant they discover I have led you here!"

"That would be a great pity!" said the count; and the gallows will be cheated of one of its brightest ornaments! That is your den of thieves, I suppose, from which all this uproar comes?"

"It is. And as I have guided you safely to it, surely I deserve this trifling boon."

"Trifling do you call it?" interposed Sir Norman. "To let you make your escape, as you most assuredly will do the moment you are out of our sight! No, no; we are too old birds to be caught with such chaff; and though the infernal always gets off scot-free, your services deserve no such boon; for we could have found our way without your help! On with you, Sir Robber; and if your companions do kill you, console yourself with the thought that they have only anticipated the executioner by a few days!"

With a perfectly heart-rending groan, the unfortunate duke walked on; but when they reached the archway directly before the room, he came to an oblique halt, and positively refused to go a step further. It was death, anyway, and he resisted with the courage of desperation, feeling he might as well die there as go in and be assassinated by his confederates, and not even the persuasive influence of Hubert's dagger could prevail on him to budge an inch further.

"Stay, then," said the count with perfect indifference. "And, soldiers, see that he does

not escape! Now, Kingsley, let us just have a glimpse of what is going on within."

Though the party had made considerable noise in advancing, and had spoken quite loudly in their little animated discussion with the duke, so great was the turmoil and confusion within, that it was not heeded or even heard.

With very different feelings from those with which he had stood there last, Sir Norman stepped forward and stood before the count, looking at the scene within.

The crimson court was in a state of "most admired disorder," and the confusion of tongues was equal to Babel. No longer were they languidly promenading, or loling in cushioned chairs; but all seemed running to and fro in the wildest excitement, which the grandest duke among them seemed to share equally with the terrified white sylphs. Everybody appeared to be talking together, and paying no attention whatever to the sentiments of their neighbors. One universal center of union alone seemed to exist; and that was the green, judicial table near the throne, upon which, while all tongues ran, all eyes turned. For some minutes, neither of the beholders could make out why, owing to the crowd (principally of the ladies) pressing around it; but Sir Norman guessed, and thrilled through with a vague sensation of terror, lest it should prove the dead body of Miranda. Skipping in and out among the females he saw the dwarf performing a sort of war-dance of rage and frenzy; twining both hands in his wig, as if he would have torn it out by the roots, and anon tearing at somebody else's wig, so that everybody backed off when he came near them.

"Who is that little fiend?" inquired the count; "and what have they got there at the end of the room, pray?"

"That little fiend is the ringleader here, and is entitled Prince Caliban. Regarding your other question," said Sir Norman, with a faint thrill, "there was a table there when I saw it last, but I am afraid there is something worse now."

"Could ever mortal conceive of such a scene," observed the count to himself; "look at that little picture of ugliness; how he hops about like a dropsical bull-frog. Some of those women are very pretty, too, and outshine more than one court-beauty that I have seen. Upon my word, it is the most extraordinary spectacle I've ever heard of. I wonder what they've got that's so attractive down there?"

At the same moment, a loud voice within the circle abruptly exclaimed:

"She revives, she revives! Back, back, and give her air!"

Instantly, the throng s-ayed and fell back; and the dwarf, with a sort of yell (whether of rage or relief, nobody knew), swept them from side to side with a wave of his long arms, and cleared a wide vacancy for his own especial benefit. The action gave the count an opportunity of gratifying his curiosity. The object of attraction was now plainly visible. Sir Norman's surmises had been correct. The green table of the parliament-house of the midnight court had been converted, by the aid of cushions and pillows, into an extempore couch; and half-buried in their downy depths lay Miranda, the queen. The sweeping robes of royal purple, trimmed with ermine, the circlets of jewels on arms, bosom and head, she still wore, and the beautiful face was whiter than falling snow. Yet she was not dead, as Sir Norman had dreaded; for the dark eyes were open, and were fixed with an unutterable depth of melancholy on vacancy. Her arms lay helplessly by her side, and some one, the court physician probably, was bending over her and feeling her pulse. As the count's eyes fell upon her, he started back, and grasped Sir Norman's arm with consternation.

"Good heavens, Kingsley!" he cried; "it is Leoline, herself!"

In his excitement he had spoken so loud, that in the momentary silence that followed the physician's direction, his voice had rung through the room, and drew every eye upon them.

"We are seen, we are seen!" shouted Hubert, and as he spoke, a terrible cry filled the room. In an instant every sword leaped from its scabbard, and the shrieks of the startled women rung appallingly out on the air. Sir Norman drew his sword, too; but the count, with his eyes yet fixed on Miranda, still held him by the arm, and excitedly exclaimed:

"Tell me, tell me, it is Leoline?"

"Leoline! No—how could it be Leoline! They look alike, that's all. Draw your sword, count, and defend yourself; we are discovered, and they are upon us!"

"We are upon them, you mean, and it is they who are discovered," said the count, doing as directed, and stepping boldly in. "A pretty hornet's nest is this we have lit upon, if ever there was one."

Side by side with the count, with a daunt

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Sunshine Papers.

Ons and Offs.

We asked brother to call us at the "first crack of dawn." He said he would if he heard the crack. But, somehow, we did not trust implicitly to his auricular powers, but spent half the night in looking at our watches and the other half in lying awake to be sure and look at them again shortly. So we were up, before, and our toilets nearly done when brother's rap at the door warned us that the "crack of dawn," or something else, had penetrated his drowsy consciousness. We did not fail to notify him that we were ahead of him.

"Glad it is. It's the first time!" he replied, with crushing veracity, as he turned to the second installment of his morning nap. We drank our coffee scalding and ventured out in that cool gray time when the city seems steeped in death-like quiet and the only noises heard impress one with the sense of being impious interruptions.

There is, once and awhile, the startling rattling of a milk cart as we hasten toward the depot; occasionally the foot-falls of some early pedestrian sound out clear and strangely loud; one car passes with a few mournful, morose looking passengers in it, the conductor nodding, nodding, nodding with care, over his neglected punch, the still burning lamps flaring

ing palely. At the depot we enter a car. Our only companion de voyage is a child of Israel—whether with or without guile being a matter quite beyond our knowledge—broad and short of figure and cased in a pepper and salt suit; in fact, quite suggestive, in general resemblance, of those peculiarly obese little pepper-boxes one often sees upon the tables of country oyster saloons. He settles himself in one corner, stretches his limbs to the full extent of their shortness upon the seat, and gives us a prolonged stare, as one that would say:

"Oh, the remarkableness of these American girls!" Then the conductor comes for our fares—an attenuated and long-drawn-out individual who looks as though all matters connected with this mundane sphere were matters of the most trifling importance to him, and our Israelitish friend falls into a deep reverie. Possibly he chews the bitter cud of reflection, though it's quite likely he's rolling a bit of tobacco, like a sweet morsel, under his tongue, while he contemplates the possibility of making an extra dollar on the customer who is coming for his new suit of clothes this morning. Other passengers drop in occasionally but we don't notice them.

We divide our time between watching all the town clocks, looking at our watches, and admiring the gorgeous cloud effects along the eastern sky.

We change to other cars. The driver does his work sitting down, the conductor looks as if he had not quite awakened from his last dream, and the passengers find even the morning papers soporific in their effect. Along the route occasional night-capped heads are thrust yawningly out of tenement house windows; policemen eat their breakfast upon their beat, using the railing of some store or cellar for an extemporized table; the fashionable thoroughfares look oddly wide and are weirdly silent; but over by the river we find "corners" in market wagons and vegetable carts.

Down by the ferry, a company of travelers wait upon a corner. They have a generally disordered, jaded, and ill-tempered look. They'll be better natured after breakfast. It is wonderful how dependent upon man's alimentive force is the well-being of all the mental, moral, and spiritual forces of his nature. A fact which no sensible woman will neglect to consider when she wishes to coax out of her lord and master money for "such a love of a bonnet, my dear." We leave the travelers still holding tenaciously to such of their worldly goods—as are stored within their dusty valises, and pay our ferriage. Over in the great waiting-rooms many people are coming and going. One rather good-looking paterfamilias, at the same time, gives his little son and heir lessons in obedience, and glances for smiles of approbation and admiration at a flirtatiously-disposed young dame in brown. A dilapidated youth anxious to find Long Branch, probably to serve there as some "body" or "call-boy," has utterly lost his way and is sent off in a state of dire discouragement. There is opening and shutting of doors, clanging of bells, shouting of officials, and, finally, the rushing of the train. Just back of us are May and December with a squalling baby and a French *bonne*. He is gray, smug, and ardent. She is girlish, handsome, and indifferent. It is loud-lunged, befuddled, and as obstreperous as less-favored infants. The nurse is grave, impassioned, and ugly. Altogether we were not inspired with envy. In front of us a party of six laugh a great deal, talk very loud, and make all their remarks with evident intent to entertain all around. A young man, with glasses and a pet mustache, sits opposite us for a little time, but, shortly, his place is filled by a sweet-faced cripple, brought to her seat in her brother's arms.

From constant watching of the ones and offs we come at last to make quite a study, to feel almost as if we knew all about them. Reaching town in the eventide we even get philosophical over our friends of the ferries and cars. This man is a railroad employee off duty. We tell it, surely, by his manners. This little woman in black, waiting for him, is his wife. They just meet with a smile and fall to talking. We can almost hear her asking what made the train he came down on so late, and is he tired? and isn't he glad to-morrow is Sunday, and his day off? This fair, pretty-faced, large woman in white has missed one boat and is full of impatience. There is something peculiarly charming and natural in her ways; she is evidently a woman who has lived much abroad. There is an utter lack of *mauvais honte* and self-consciousness about her, and her manners and dress are perfectness and simplicity combined. On the other side a fine, blonde young man awaits her. They greet each other with a hand-shake. They are not lovers; though she is glad and eager at seeing him, and he laughs as she talks, there is not that responsive glow in either face to the changes of feelings that sweep the other, that indicates the presence of the absorbing passion of love. But they are excellent comrades, one can tell, as they chat with perfect freedom and good-fellowship. And here—ah! we too, are off.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

I CAME across the following somewhat satirical paragraph the other day—"A poor coat on a rich man is no crime, because he can afford to wear richer raiment; but a poor garment on an indigent person is a sin, because he can afford no better."

That set me to thinking. It put me in mind of a little episode in the life of brother Tom, and as Tom Lawless scarcely ever does anything worth recording—at least as I never seem to give him the credit of doing so—I will rescue him from his oblivion and tell the "over true tale."

He was visiting one of the pleasant summer resorts last summer and made himself quite sociable with many of the ladies there—a habit of his, for, as he says, the female sex cannot resist him—the silly fellow!

One afternoon, while he and his party were sitting on the piazza, one of the females called his attention to a pale, sickly-looking young man whose garments were not of the finest trim nor of the newest pattern, an appearance of what we style "shabby-genteel" about him. She said: "Don't you think that such a fellow as that ought to know better than to sit on the same piazza with us? He is no doubt below us in the social scale, and I think it would be but right to tell him that his 'room is better than his company.' Couldn't you do it, Tom?" Tom answered that he couldn't think of such a thing—that the "fellow," as they called him, was worth fifty thousand dollars!

That put an entirely new face on the matter and they placed his shabbiness of dress to the score of *eccentricity*, to which rich folks are sometimes addicted.

The tune was changed. Before, they wished the intruder to be ousted from their presence; now, they desired an introduction, and were "just crazy" to know him; they always did

admire eccentric beings! But Tom was no more willing to oblige them in that respect than he was in the other: he can be provoking on some occasions, without even half trying.

The next day this bevy of females met Tom, and such a "raking over the coals" as he received from them must have made him feel like crawling into the ends of his body.

"Tom Lawless," exclaimed one, "you told us an outrageous fib yesterday. You said that that fellow, who sat on the piazza, was worth fifty thousand dollars, and the landlord says he's only worth a few dollars, and has to work for his living. Where can you expect to go when you die if you will prevaricate in such a manner?"

Tom's answer was thus: "Fair ladies, I think I uttered no falsehood. Perhaps Sam Melton may not be worth that in gold, or greenbacks—I mean as regards the possession of them—but, if we may judge by his great heart, he is a millionaire. I will tell you a little bit of a story and let you judge for yourselves. There was once a bitter feud existing between the families of Sam Melton and Joe Verney. Something about fences, right of way; I don't know exactly what the trouble arose from. Anyway, they were 'out' with each other, as the saying is. One night Joe's house caught fire, and the child, who was sleeping in an upper room, seemed to have been forgotten in the hurry and confusion incident to such cases. No one was found brave enough to enter the burning building save one, who made his way through fire and smoke, and, issuing forth again, laid the child unharmed at the feet of its horror-stricken parent, and then fainted away."

"The man who saved that child's life was Sam Melton. He had the noblest revenge on his enemy that could be found. We often think a person is noble who is willing to risk his life to aid his friend: how much nobler is it to risk one's life for an enemy! If Sam Melton isn't worth fifty thousand dollars—though he don't possess them—I miss my guess."

I am inclined to think that Mr. Tom Lawless was in the right about that, and it seems to me if people were valued more as to their hearts than their pocketbooks, and their worth, not wealth, was the standard we judged a person by, we should be more consistent in our behavior. Why should *dress* make such a difference in us and with us, and why should money sway the world with such tyrannical power? Why are good hearts allowed to go plodding through the world unnoticed and uncared for, while full pocketbooks never lack for friends? Will the last great day unravel this mystery? Will some angels' wings be tipped with gold and others' with silver, and will the gold-tipped ones look down upon the silver-tipped ones? The Duke of Wellington knelt at the communion table, and by his side knelt a poor pauper. The sexton would have removed the pauper, but the Iron Duke reproved him by saying, "Let her remain: we are all equal *here*."

Let us content ourselves by thinking that in heaven pride will be unknown, and in the beautiful land of rest we shall all be equal *there*.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Farm For Sale.

I HAVE one of the most excellent farms for sale that any man ever worried with a plow or tickled with a harrow.

It is composed of one-fourth of a very large section of land surrounding the town of Muggs, which is the reason the town is no larger than it is.

This farm is mostly under cultivation, under mortgage, and partly under water.

The depth of it has never been fully determined, but it is supposed to run to the center of the earth. The soil is so rich that fence-posts set in it generally grow two or three feet every year, and make it necessary to put one or two new boards on every once in awhile. Some old fences are so high now that the clouds have to knock a board off to get through, and the birds get tired of trying to climb over, and give it up. I lost a knife in one of the fields last year, and lately I found two in the place of it, that one and another.

The fertility of this land has never been equaled. Why, the hens on it lay twice the number of eggs that they do on any other farm.

Last year I lost fifty dollars on one field, and this year I have doubled it without any exertion.

A man got a little of this soil under his finger-nails, and in two days they had grown two inches, and he had a fuss with his wife and scratched her eyes nearly out.

A bald friend of mine recently rubbed his head with his hand, which had some of this soil on it, while he was planting potatoes, and in a few days he had a very fine crop of grass on the top of his head, which has to be moved every once in a while. He thinks now that he is in the hey-day of his youth. See Timothy.

Last year a neighbor's boy came over to see after the health of my watermelons and got stuck in the mud. He couldn't get out, and had to stay there all night. The next morning he had grown from three feet to four feet in height, and was four years older—but it was his own fault, and not mine.

Trees, even after they are cut down on this farm, continue to grow, and my rail fences grow so much in one season that they get over on my neighbor's land many yards before I know it—he never finds it out; and three-quarters of a cord of my wood expands to one cord when I get to town with it; at least, that is what all my customers say when they get a load of it. I have lived on this rich farm for ten years and have got rich on wood alone.

Worn-out hair-brushes, thrown away on this land, have afterward been picked up with a new growth of bristles, and good as new. This land is so productive that one acre of it will measure more than an ordinary acre on any other farm, and it will be no exertion for it at all.

This is the only farm in this country that will turn out three pecks of wheat to the bushel, and do it with impunity without finching.

One dozen bad eggs on this farm will count as many as one dozen good eggs on any other farm, provided the grocer don't look too close.

Everything here is so thrifty that the house I live in, which was originally one-story, is now a three-story with a Mansard roof. But the worst thing of all is this: I had a mortgage on part of it three years ago, of one thousand dollars, which has grown up to three thousand today, and it shows you will have to be very careful. This was all on account of the richness of the soil, which operates both for and against.

When I first moved here I had very little respect for my neighbor, but now it has grown into a disgust that turns out and measures six pints to the quart. I am very sorry for this, but I see I can do nothing to help it in the least.

This farm was purchased for four dollars an acre, but that has grown—without much cultivation—into two hundred dollars, and you could hardly believe it to be so, unless you saw my figures, and figures won't lie. (I don't know what I might do in that line under provocation.)

Neighbors complain that this farm draws all the substance out of their crops, and puts it in to their own, and I am not prepared to deny the fact, although it does look a little to them as downright stealing on the sly.

Boys on this farm attain their majority a year or so before they know it.

The dust that blows into your eyes here does not give you pain, but increases your vision to such an extent that you can see more into your neighbor's business than he could ever imagine.

Were you to have the good fortune to be buried on this farm you will be sure to rise, and this is one of the greatest things to consider when you go to buy a farm.

If you intend to purchase this farm, as everything can be raised on it, and will give it short notice, it will raise the money for you and do it without growling.

You can raise a disturbance on this farm with a very small hoe.

There are some of the finest pastures here that ever pastured, and cattle get so fat that they have to roll home.

There are fences running all around this farm, and they run so lively and vigorously that they go at the rate of a mile in two seventeen, and it takes a pretty fast gate to catch them.

There are several fine wells of water on this land, and the water is as well as could be expected.

Corn planted in this soil gets so active that when it springs up it springs clear out of the ground, and you have to tie a stone to every grain to keep it down, and you are obliged to cut the legs off of little onions to prevent them from springing up before they are ready.

This farm is entirely too lively for the present owner, and he wishes to sell it to some live man.

Will sell it and take a mortgage on it, as it will more than double in a year.

For further particulars apply to
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—The news comes from New Hampshire that the hotels at the mountains are, as usual, employing for waiters girls belonging to some of the best families of New Hampshire and Vermont, and they make themselves useful not only in the dining-room, but in the parlors, entertain guests. Yankee girls, in this matter, certainly are setting a good example. All honor to them!

—Speaking of wolves at home in Michigan, we have this story of bears at home in Maine: "Last Saturday Mr. Edgar D. Andrews, of Stow, Me., trapped on the northern portion of Bald face mountain an enormous black bear measuring seven and one-half feet in length, and weighing over four hundred pounds. The brave old hunter remarked that this was the twenty-third bear he had trapped in those mountains."

—South California has three temperance colonies. Two of them are in Los Angeles county, and the third in Santa Barbara county. The colonies are thrifty, quiet and enterprising, and the colonies themselves are in a most flourishing condition, the absence of intoxicating liquor attracting a moral and intelligent class of people. Tramps, bummers and fast young men usually pay such places the high compliment of staying away from them.

—A Chicagoan has obtained a verdict against a railroad company whose baggage man smashed his trunk. He proved that the trunk was not only dropped from a wagon to the ground, but that the baggage man lifted it as high as he could, so that it would fall heavier. If railway managers were made to pay for trunks damaged, trunks would not be injured by the vandal baggage smasher. Every State should pass a law making a public nuisance to be abated by fine and thirty days in the county jail. That would cure a most outrageous and impudent disregard of travelers' rights.

—The Shakers of Hancock, Mass., say their old leader who managed the community at the close of the revolution, while at work one day, in a boggy hay field, was seized with the prophetic power of the spirit, and thus addressed his wondering companions: "The day will come when men will travel on iron roads, in vehicles drawn by iron machines, propelled by the power of steam, and," thrusting his long rake handle into the spongy ground, "such a road will one day be built right here." The Boston and Albany Railroad passes over the field and the very spot where this utterance was given ninety-four years ago.

—Under the reorganization the strength of the German army, in the field and ready for immediate service, will be very considerably increased. Especially in the matter of cavalry, as each corps of armée will have 39,000 cavalry, instead of 32,000. When Germany next goes to war she will put in the field at the beginning of the campaign 708,000 men, 215,000 horses, and 1,800 guns, with a train of 23,000 wagons. The reinforcement from the landwehr will be 800,000 men, and 400,000 more from the landsturm will bring the whole force up to 1,908,000 effectives.

—The ravages of drunkenness in Great Britain are now exciting renewed attention there, and the scientific classes, as well as the clergy, are trying to discover some practicable way of dealing with the evil. The Archbishop of Canterbury recently addressed the House of Lords on the subject, being induced to do so by a memorial from eight thousand clergymen of the Established Church; and the House of Lords appointed a select committee to undertake the desired inquiry. The *Pull Mall Gazette* discusses the question as one of great importance to the British people, but finally falls into a state of discouragement, and closes thus: "It is quite possible that the real remedy for drunkenness is to be sought in the discovery of some non-intoxicating drink which shall be at once palatable, cheap, and easy of distribution. It can be said that any drink now exists which compares with beer that drink? If real lager it will not intoxicate—certainly not unless a man drink an immoderate quantity."

—The Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* relates a little incident which occurred at the transfer some time ago, showing the wonderful power of the imagination upon the human mind. A coffin-shaped box was received there from the East to be forwarded over the Union Pacific road. It was billed as containing a corpse, but was accompanied by no certificate, as is customary in such cases, to show that the person died of no contagious disease. In consequence of this the Union Pacific refused to receive it, and it was placed in one of the store buildings on the platform to await further advices. The telegraph was brought into requisition but some little time elapsed before any information could be obtained. In the meantime the box became very offensive on account of the smell which emanated from it. The workmen would not approach or pass by it only when absolutely necessary. At last a dispatch was received stating that the box contained no corpse, but a metallic corpse ventilator for the shipping-clerk at the point from which it was sent had in haste omitted to add the word "ventilator"—the bill reading, "One box containing corpse." The relief to the officials was instantaneous, and the workmen flocked to discover, as they hurriedly placed the box on their trucks to deposit it in a Union Pacific car, any disagreeable odor.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "The Moon;" "Maud's Captive;" "The Adopted Child;" "Aureola's Legacy;" "The Lost Fisherman;" "A Night of Horror;" "The Indian Nemesis."

Accepted: "Regret;" "Sun and Storm;" "The Winning Ring;" "Enchantment;" "Fly, Little Bird;" "Farewell, etc.;" "Ellen Over the Way;" "A Spiritual Visitation;" "The Boarder Without a Name;" "Why Mrs. Knox Sighed."

The SATURDAY JOURNAL has no "engagements" to offer, but is always ready for what is specially good.

Authors wishing to write to authors can address them through our care—sending us their own address, of course.

Correspondents who write on scraps of paper have ideas too economic by half. Paper is too cheap to be used on short allowance.

J.W. We have not the slightest personal knowledge of the man. Write to some one in the city named—say the chief of police.

W. F. S. S. Order the book wanted through the American News Co., New York. There is such a volume, we believe, recently published.

T. W. H. The N. Y. Directory gives the address of the person named as "Lawyer," No. 7 Murray street.—We can tell you nothing about an estate in Holland.

T. J. D. Dumb ague is "chills," for which plain quinine, six grains per day for a week, is the best treatment. Keep out of the evening or night air, without fail. Exposure to malaria and night air is what brings on the chills.

PERPLEXED COR. We always supply wholesale agents with posters for their trade. Had you sent your personal address we would have answered by note.

JOHNKY, aged 10. We will send your neat note to Joe Jot, and if he don't give you the "poem" asked for we will cut off his salary. It is rather hot weather for sliding down-hill, so we'll have to give Joe time.

VOX BOKLE. We can only pronounce on the matter by seeing it. Unless very good, Dutch-English humor is very undesirable. Hans Breitmann and Karl Prezel seem to have no common ground of interest the public take in such compositions.

DISTRICT SCHOOL, No. 21. The effort of the celebrated "Conway Cabal" in 1777-8 was to dispossess Washington of the chief command, and to put Horatio Gates in his place. It came very near to success, at one moment, but Washington's victories at Trenton and Monmouth reinstated him in public confidence.

FRANK K. Nervousness may be owing to temperament. If so there is no cure for it. If it comes from illness, or trouble, or bad habits, follow the advice of some good trustworthy physician, but, of all things, avoid quick nostrums.

DIOGENES. Virginia was called the Mother of Presidents because so many of our Presidents were born in that State. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, Folk and Taylor, all were natives of that State.

MILO C. H. The recent feat of Capt. Webb, in swimming the English Channel, makes him the champion. He swam the whole distance (about 21 miles) without any extraordinary aid. A girl of eighteen recently swam ten miles down the Thames river without aid. The quickest foot-races yet recorded in the *Times* record for less than a mile are given in yards; that for 880 yards (¼ mile English) in 1:53, by Frank Hewitt, Lytleton, Australia, September, 1871; and 1:59, by Hon. A. S. Polham, Cambridge, England, March 28, 1873. We have no American authentic time equal to this. W. Jackson's best time, 800 yards, is 1:50 on Epson course, Eng. and Nov. 24, 1868, and 1:50 on the same course, 1870. The trouble with American races is a want of official or authentic proof of time. That we have as fleet runners as any in the world we all believe, but the "official record" has, as yet, failed to establish their claims.

GOOD MAN RICHARD. In five States the law of hanging has now been abolished. These are, with the dates of their abolition, as follows: Michigan, 1846; Rhode Island, 1853; Wisconsin, 1853; Iowa, 1872; Maine, 1876. We know of no State that has restored the death penalty after having once abolished it. European governments also have abolished or headed for treason, murder and arson, and many of them for lesser crimes. We do not care to open our columns to such a discussion as you suggest. Seek the daily press.

LITTLE JIM WRITES: "Please tell me whether all the States of our Union have a motto? If so what is Virginia's, New York's and California's? Some of the States have no motto, but the majority of them have. The motto of Virginia is 'Sic semper parva vincit' (thus always to tyrants) the words used by Booth when he assassinated Mr. Lincoln. New York's motto is *Excelsior*; California's, *Eureka*, meaning, 'I have found it.'"

ERNEST FELLOWS says: "At a picnic recently I took a lady away from another gentleman and he was very angry. The lady didn't come with either of us, so he had no particular claims on her; but he insists that it was not my right to come and ask her away from him. I told him that I was not his case!" So long as you did not interfere with any established rights of the gentleman as her escort, nor with any engagements the lady had with him, you were quite at liberty to see the lady's company; and she had the right to accept and choose between you in accordance with her own pleasure, which, presumably, she did, therefore, the gentleman should have accepted his position with polite equanimity.

IDLEWILD writes: "If two gentlemen attend church with two ladies, is it proper for the ladies to enter the pew first, and follow the gentlemen by the side of her escort? If a gentleman is walking with a lady in a *billiard* is it a mark of politeness for him to keep the outside of the billiard table, and let the lady take the trouble to change sides after crossing a street, and I do not like it." It is perfectly proper for the ladies to enter the pew first, or for the escort to sit next his lady. It is a matter of preference—the latter mode being generally preferred, we believe, by young people.—A gentleman, walking in a village or city, should follow the lady by the side of him which will protect her most from the pushings of pedestrians, or inconveniences of any kind. Always keeping upon the outside of a walk, and, if imperative, to change sides after crossing a street, and I do not like it. A gentleman's instinctive sense of chivalry as regards independent circumstances should rule him in all such little matters. Other answers next week.

BELLA MARSHALL. We do not know how remunerative a trade "feather-curling" is, but almost any trade well learned and faithfully practiced is suitable for a young man, and, as you say, "make mock-turtle soup," procure a calf's head, clean it well, let it stand in salt and water two or three hours, and then soak in fresh water, but to boil in cold water, and when sufficiently cooled, separate the meat from the bone. Strain the broth, and add to it the meat cut in small pieces. Season with salt and "chopped parsley," and serve up, pressed for flavoring soups, procurable at a small grocery's. Next take one pound of suet, two pounds of veal, chopped finely, and bread-crumbs, and with seasoning, and the suet, make into a mass of balls, and fry them in butter; a chop fine three hard-boiled eggs; add the eggs, and meat balls, and a wineglass of wine, and a little salt, and a dash of "pudding" may be made by this recipe: Boil a quart of milk, and to it add one cup of sugar, five eggs, well beaten, half a cup of butter, a little salt, a teaspoonful of some flavoring extract, and two cups of hickory-nut kernels, bruised. Bake in a deep dish with or without an under-crust.—We think "telegraphy" is a fine art for a lady to master. You can gain very thorough instructions at Cooper Institute, but will have to study for some time and work under certain rules. There are various "business colleges" where telegraphy is taught, at any of which you can gain a complete mastery of it if you apply yourself to it diligently.—Your writing is very fair, indeed, and your mastery of the English language better than that of many ladies native-born. However, all words such as German and English, whether used as nouns or qualifying nouns, should be written with a capital letter.

STREINER AND LIME. Our opinion of young ladies asking young men to call on them, in a manner they can hardly refuse if so inclined, is not a very high one. Young ladies may pleasantly invite gentlemen to call upon them, but should avoid very urgent invitations, or any such strategic ones as will render it rude for the recipient to not accept. We think when a young lady pays a complimentary of a serenade she may equally correctly send him her card in acknowledgment of the courtesy, or verbally thank him when next they meet; or both.—Brown eyes, if dark and brilliant, generally betoken a versatile or mercurial temperament; if soft and lighter, they show a gentle and affectionate disposition.—The choice of books for a young man to read "who wishes to educate himself," must depend somewhat upon the course in life he intends to pursue; unless you refer to general education, when we would advise you to furnish yourself with the best magazine literature, with the best novelists such as Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Cooper, Hugo, Eliot—with Meade's, Burke's, North's, Emerson's, Addison's, North's works, etc., with books of travel and history.—Your penmanship is very fair, but you need to read up somewhat in rhetoric and English composition.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

MY DARLING.

BY ERN E. REKFOR.
Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

My darling had eyes like a pansy;
This morning I climbed the hill
And down in a daisy's shadow,
Where the air was moist and still,
I saw some pansies growing.
Blue as my darling's eyes,
And I kissed them over and over,
Could she see me from Paradise?

This morning I saw the sunshine
Wooing the heart of a rose,
And modest and shy, the pink leaves
Seemed half-afraid to unfold.
And I thought of the cheeks of my darling
When I wooed them with a kiss,
Oh! but the roses are blowing,
While my darling's face I miss.

I saw the yellow sunshine
In a drift of gold on the grass,
And the south wind seemed enchanted,
And lingered, loth to pass.
And I thought of my darling's tresses,
Touched with the sunshine's gold,
And my eyes were wet as I thought of her
Under the graveyard mold.

The Men of '76.

PATRICK HENRY,

The Tongue of the Revolution.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century Virginia certainly produced a remarkable set of men. Washington, Jefferson, Henry, the Lees, Wyeth, Mason, Archibald Cary, Pendleton, Harrison, Madison, Peyton Randolph—all were characters of true eminence, who contributed immensely to American independence, and whose influence contributed largely to the formation of the Republic.

Of these men Patrick Henry was the conceded peer in that fervid eloquence which leads a world captive, and from which great results spring. He has truthfully been called the "tongue of the Revolution," for, long before others dared to speak for liberty, he startled the timorous and alarmed the conservative by his "reasonable" sentiments and his patriotic aspirations. By one bound he sprang from obscurity to fame, and thereafter maintained the ascendancy which such genius ever commands.

Patrick Henry was born at Studley, Hanover county, Virginia, May 29th, 1736. From his earliest youth he was distinguished for incorrigible laziness. Work he would not. Study he never did. His whole youth was spent in wandering up and down the beautiful streams, or off in the forest in pursuit of game which he rarely brought home. He became a recognized vagabond—not vicious, nor consorting with worthless characters, for his mind was bright, his temper happy, his powers of observation remarkably keen and his intelligence incomprehensible to all who knew his habits.

At eighteen Patrick married, evidently indifferent to the future, and added another member to his father's already too large household. That act in no sense changed his habits, nor provoked him to a day's work. He tramped the woods and piled the streams as before.

His father trying, as a kind of forlorn hope, to make something of his boys, started Patrick and his elder brother in the trading business, by giving them a country store very well stocked. It was a sorry venture for the father and boys; the storekeepers were not only indifferent to trade but absolutely let their goods go to any who asked for them, and in six months' time were bankrupt.

It was just after this venture that Jefferson first met Patrick. The young student was on his way to Williamsburg, to enter William and Mary College (1760), when, stopping on the way at the hospitable home of Col. Nathan Dandridge, there found a large company—among whom was Henry, then twenty-four years of age. He was described as a gaunt, uncouth man, absolutely homely in face, but with deep-set gray eyes that fairly scintillated beneath heavy brows. His manners, dress and conversation were decidedly provincial. He pronounced earth, *yearth*—natural, *natural*—learning, *larnin'*—etc., etc. Jefferson, though only seventeen years old, was quick to discover the man's originality, and they then commenced a friendship which was destined to last a lifetime. Little did either of them, or any of the eminent men who were Col. Dandridge's guests, guess the future that was in store for each. "Henry's passion," Jefferson tells us, in reference to that first meeting, "was fiddling, dancing and playfulness." His fund of joke, story and humor was simply exhaustless, and though admitted to be a "shiftless ne-do-well," he was the welcome guest at all those grand old Virginia homesteads, whose memory is now so pleasant.

Jefferson passed on to Williamsburg, then the capital of the province, the home of the governor, the seat of the House of Burgesses, and the center of fashion. Three months after he met Henry there. In that three months the bankrupt had studied law and had come to the capital for examination. Driven by necessity to do something, he fell into the law as the easiest thing to do; so read law, in a desultory way, for six weeks, and then went before the examiners, to astonish them equally by his ignorance of special study, his remarkable grasp of principles and his brilliancy of speech. They gave him a certificate that admitted him to practice; but that certificate brought little practice to the unknown, uncouth, seedy young man.

For three years he waited, with scarcely work enough to do to keep him in food—cheap as food then was. But he never despaired. He certainly then was conscious of the power within him, and his intimates saw in him gleams of the fire that was, ere long, to burst forth in splendor.

The clergy of the Established Church, by an act of the Burgesses, were paid their salaries in the then common commodity of exchange—to-bacco. They refused to accept, demanding money, much to the disgust of the people of the middle class, with whom the persons were by no means popular. The Burgesses refused, however, to rescind the law; whereupon the clergy combined and brought suit, basing their claims on a royal order in council which was in direct opposition to the act of the Burgesses. This array of royal authority was so decisive that, when the suit came to trial, all the leading lawyers were with the persons; not one was willing to espouse the opposition.

Patrick Henry, in this emergency, volunteered, and when he arose to plead what was called the "cause of the people," he was met with the derisive smiles of the confident clergy. But their smiles were soon changed to looks of wonder, then of indignation and alarm, as the uncouth country lawyer began to give way to the master spirit within and literally poured forth such a stream and storm of combined satire, invective, and eloquent assertion of the rights of the people, as startled the audience

and court; and when, in terms of burning eloquence, he denounced clergy, king and Parliament, the cry of *treason* was heard, and many left the court-room in indignation. But the orator held the jury by his matchless presentation of the case, and after a brief conference it gave a verdict in favor of the people, in direct opposition to the royal mandate. The triumphant orator was seized by the excited crowd and borne on men's shoulders to the courtyard, while the persons retired amid the jeers of the crowd.

That speech made Henry the champion of the people. Business came to his empty dockets, and the "Orator of Nature" became a popular man.

As the cause of the people against the encroachments of the Crown began to take shape, Henry was forced into a leadership in the people's cause, and was sent by them, from the county of Louisa, to the House of Burgesses, in 1765.

The "Declaratory Act" of the British Parliament reached the colonies in the spring of 1764. It asserted the power and right of Parliament to tax the colonies. This act was met by protests, addresses and formal remonstrances, to the king and Parliament. The Virginia House of Burgesses sent its remonstrance in the shape of an Address to the King and a Memorial to Parliament, in which the asserted right was denied and its enforcement deprecated. The terms used were wholly respectful and rather supplicatory. But king and Parliament were not moved from their purpose, and the Stamp Act was forced through Parliament, in January, 1765, to take effect in November following.

This proceeding aroused in the New England colonies a spirit of resentment and open rebellion; but Virginia, full of "the genius," and devoted to "the establishment," was not prepared to resist what was British law; so the spring session of the Burgesses for 1765 was within three days of its close before the Stamp Act was even mentioned on the floor! Then it was mentioned in an unexpected manner.

Patrick Henry sat through all the session, an almost unnoticed member, waiting for some of the influential men to move in the matter. Seeing that they were not likely to act, on May 30th he wrote on the blank leaf of a law book, five resolutions, embodying the principle that the sole power of taxation was vested in the colonial legislature, and declaring, in the closing resolve, that "every attempt to vest such power, in any person or persons whatsoever, other than the General Assembly aforesaid, had a manifest tendency to destroy British as well as American freedom."

These resolutions he offered, after a few rather faltering remarks, and the great subject was formally before the House, seconded as they were, by Mr. Johnson—an able lawyer from the "Northern Neck." Henry sat down to await the result. An explosion followed. The old Whigs, timorous and conservative, and haughty at any dictation on the part of "the people," at once assailed the resolves with great bitterness, as unnecessary, impolitic, and tainted with the spirit of rebellion. Peyton Randolph, Bland, Edmund Pendleton and Wyeth, all were severe in their strictures. Then Henry got up for reply, and what followed is memorable in our history. "In a speech of transcendent splendor he asserted the principles of popular government and human liberty. He arraigned, with awful power, the acts of king and Parliament, and vindicated the right of an oppressed people to resistance, if further acts of usurpation were committed."

The most ardent apostle of no taxation without representation could have gone no further. The position assumed, indeed, was so far in advance of the opinions and hopes of leading men, that the really good patriots named above could hardly be charged with a want of patriotism in opposing the resolutions. Considering all this, it is evident that only under the spell of his eloquence could a majority vote have been obtained. Before adjournment on that memorable day the resolutions were adopted, *seriatim*—the last one being saved from rejection by a single vote! The House then adjourned amid the most intense excitement. The orator, to escape public attention, sprang on his horse and rode away toward his home, but the fame of his speech flew even faster than his steps, and ere twenty-four hours all Virginia was stirred with the story of his mastery.

Finding Henry out of the way, and the excitement having but lightened the alarm as to the effect of that fifth resolve, the conservatives rallied the next morning, in force, urged thereto by the Governor and Council, and the vote to expunge the obnoxious resolution was quickly passed; but, Henry was none the less master of the situation; the rude-mannered, poverty-stricken country lawyer had dethroned the old regime and assumed the leadership.

This leadership, despite his singular habits, he steadily maintained, and year by year, as the struggle developed, Patrick Henry not only led, but found at his side the Lees, Jefferson, Mason, Page, and other ardent spirits—the younger race of men by whose words, work and influence Virginia clasped hands with Massachusetts in the work of defense.

He was foremost in all public assemblies representing the people, and was named as one of Virginia's delegates to the first Continental Congress, where his influence was powerfully felt and acknowledged. It was there he made the significant declaration, "I am not a Virginian, but an American," to wipe out all colonial jealousies and distinctions. He was a pronounced *Unionist*. Henry's first speech was designed to show Congress what was its work and what was the crisis. It made a profound impression, and did much to mold the policy of that Congress.

But, great as was the influence of Henry after that first movement, it was immensely enhanced by his grand speech in the second Virginia convention of delegates called to consider the crisis and to provide for the common welfare. It met in Richmond, March 20th, 1775; approved the measures adopted by the Continental Congress; thanked the Virginia members of that Congress for their wise discharge of duty; but there harmony stopped, for, in some resolutions complimenting the Assembly of Jamaica (then an English colony) for its action in memorializing the king in behalf of the colonies, Patrick Henry discovered the truculent spirit of the moderates or conservatives, still hoping for peace and conciliation. He decided at once to force the issue with them, and made a motion that the colony "be immediately put into a state of defense, and that—be a committee to prepare a plan for embodying, ar-

* Wirt says: "It was in the midst of this magnificent debate, while he (Henry) was descending on the tyranny of the obnoxious act, that he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, and with the look of a god—'Caesar had his Brutus—Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—(Treason) cried the speaker; treason—treason! echoed from every part of the House. It was one of those trying moments which is decisive of character. Henry faltered not an instant; but, rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis—'may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it.'"

ing and disciplining such a number of men as may be sufficient for the purpose."

This startling proposition, amounting to a virtual declaration of war, astounded the moderates and surprised the advance men. Some, even of the latter, shrunk from what seemed a gulf opening before them. But Richard Henry Lee, Jefferson, Mason, and others, rallied to Henry's support, and their triumph was complete; the motion prevailed by a decided majority, and Henry, Lee, Nicholas Benjamin Harrison, George Washington, Pendleton and Jefferson were placed on the "Committee for Arming."

It was in support of this motion that Henry made the wonderful display of his powers which has linked his name with the greatest orators of all time. "In perspiration, now familiar to every school-boy, was:

"Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come."

"It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

Now was Henry less ready to act. When Lord Dunmore ordered all the powder in the magazine at Williamsburg to be placed on a British man-of-war, April 20th, 1775, Henry marched at the head of the Hanover militia, down upon Williamsburg, deaf to the entreaties of the most influential citizens, and at least five thousand troops began to move in response to his call; when the frightened Dunmore sent Henry a bill of exchange for the full value of the powder! and, two days after, issued a proclamation cautioning the king's lieges against aiding or abetting "a certain Patrick Henry, and a number of deluded followers!"

Henry now was foremost in putting his State in the proud position of the first of the States. As a member of the House of Delegates he favored or championed measures directed toward the permanent prosperity of the State. He was chosen Governor in 1776, and twice during the course of the war, when Virginia seemed about to be crushed or conquered, a powerful body of the people seriously talked of a dictatorship, and Henry was the only man whose name was mentioned for that supreme, but singularly anti-republican office. It is asserted by his biographers and friends that the idea never had his concurrence. He was the people's idol, and where he led they were willing to follow.

In the fierce war of factions which succeeded the war, he, with other wise men, recognized the necessity of a permanent union, but when the Constitution was submitted to Virginia for ratification, he opposed it from what he deemed its too great centralization of power in the General Government; but, after its acceptance by the majority of States, he gave it his hearty support, and so sustained the administration of Washington that in 1795 the President offered him the office of Secretary of State, which he declined. The onerous and responsible duties of that post were quite too much for one of his constitutional indifference to labor. The same reason prompted him to refuse the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary to France, in 1799, by John Adams. At Washington's most urgent solicitation, Henry entered the canvass of 1799. Refusing to go to Congress as he had persistently done, he consented to go to the House of Delegates, to fight the Jeffersonians, whom the Federalists detested and feared heartily. Henry's nomination was always equivalent election. He was chosen to the House of Delegates, but never took his seat, for he died June 6th, 1799.

Black Eyes and Blue;

OR,

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity.

A TALE OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LACE-MAKER AND THE TOURIST.

REDMOND RHODES felt a strange weariness of life after he had seen the little refugee safely married to her too gay lover. He could not account for the *ennui* which pursued him at Newport—traveled with him to Saratoga—stuck by him closer than a brother at Lake George, and made with him the whole tour of the White Mountains, arriving simultaneously with him in Newport again. He was not usually the victim of blue devils to any great extent, having within his own mind resources which even the deadly lethargy of luxury could not wholly repress. But now he was listless, restless, tired of everything, unable to content himself anywhere. He came home again in four weeks. For the first time he seriously regretted having chosen a bachelor's life. His house was insufferably lonesome. His books lost their charm. The pictured beauties who smiled down at him from the gallery were stiff, unnatural, faded shadows on canvas as compared with the lovely, vivid, piquant face that had once flashed back a startled blush and smile at him, as he opened his chamber door. Ah, mysterious witchery of woman's eyes! A pair of them—"sweetest eyes 'twere ever seen"—had entered the haughty bachelor's halls, cast the glamour of their brightness over everything, and disappeared, leaving dullness, gloom, homesickness.

Redmond Rhodes did not say all this to himself—would not have acknowledged it to his own dreams; yet in this was the secret of the sudden resolution to bid farewell to New York for the winter, and to seek in Paris, or the sunny cities of Italy, the pleasure which had forsaken his hearthstone. His house was closed; his housekeeper pensioned off, with no duties except to—"on an occasional airing of the rooms; his wild friend, Harold, was delicately lectured on—"now you are married, you must be good!" and Mr. Rhodes, with no particular feeling of elation, but with rather the inward reflection that "the world was hollow and his doll stuffed with sawdust," found himself outward bound on the Germania, for Bremenhaven; having resolved on an autumn tour through Germany and Switzerland before settling down in Paris for two or three months of the winter.

Too reserved in temperament to make any of those intimacies common to steamer journeys—where the passengers are forced into a closer companionship than in other modes of

traveling—Mr. Rhodes yet became very much interested in a certain Madame D'Eglantine, a French lady of exquisite beauty and refinement, reported to be rich almost beyond figures to compute. Her wealth and beauty made her an universal object of interest; but it was for neither of these very objective qualities that Mr. Rhodes fancied her; he saw, in her shrinking from the homage paid her, in the pallor of her fair face, the shadows under her melancholy eyes, and the pathetic tones of her low voice, that she was a woman who had suffered. Something in her looks and manners attracted his sympathy.

As he was a gentleman whose air proclaimed his right to be respected and trusted, Madame D'Eglantine did not repel the few quiet courtesies he found it in his power to extend to her. Sometimes they chatted pleasantly together for an hour on deck, on fair mornings or calm evenings. Mr. Rhodes also liked Madame's business agent, Mr. Vernon—an honest, sensible, modest gentleman, well-read in the classics, and a shrewd observer of men and things—though he wondered a little at her trusting such immense interests to a man of so limited an experience. Mr. Rhodes did not know the reasons—aside from business ones—which the fair French Madame had for trusting the American lawyer with her affairs.

Mr. Rhodes was the only one on board the ship, aside from the agent, to whom Madame D'Eglantine spoke of her daughter; not even to him did she confide any of the particulars of her story; but he gathered from her the impressions that she had been very unfortunate in her marriage, contracted in secrecy when she was scarcely more than a child, and that the man who had been her husband had still the power to torture her, by keeping, or having at present, possession of their child—that she was now on her way to claim this daughter, a young lady, and was in some doubt as to where she should find her. So much, Redmond inferred, from what was told him; but the real and terrible tragedy of our story, the danger which threatened her innocent daughter, were not dreamed of by the gentleman who so sympathized with the pale-faced, lovely mother. And so the brief acquaintance terminated with a few pleasant wishes that they might meet again, when the steamer reached her dock at Bremenhaven, for the ways of the travelers separated there. Madame D'Eglantine was going directly to Baden, led by some strange, motherly yearning which drew her as a mysterious, magnetic force. Ah! if she had been a few years earlier on her way, and could have come unannounced by the tell-tale cable, how easily she would have at least found her child, and been able to keep near her, even if not to buy her from the malignant hate which kept possession of her only to torment!

Before Madame reached Baden those of whom she came in search had flown. But she learned how a Monsieur Goldenough had been there for a few weeks—at what house he stopped—how he spent his days—and how his beautiful daughter, *la belle Americaine*, had been the marvel of the city, followed about by a host of idle young bloods, who considered themselves repaid for hours of patient waiting, if, perchance, she flung back her veil for a few moments, as she sat near her father at his play, while her soft, pure eyes roved over the *habitat* of fashion, pleasure, dissipation, like the glance of an angel brooding sadly over some entrance to the Inferno.

She heard, too, vague rumors, flying reports, of something which sent the blood back on her brain in curdling waves, which threatened to kill—a scandalous story which had been the delight of the halls and gardens for the last three or four days: how M. Goldenough had found a suitor for his daughter's hand—the well-known English baronet, Sir Israel Benjamin, famous for his meanness, badness and ugliness—old, repulsive, rich, sensual, miserly; how the young lady had objected, and the papa had insisted; how *la belle Americaine*, driven to desperation, had run away; how the banker and the baronet had soon found the trail, and were off, silent, keen, cunning, rather enjoying the novelty of the excitement, and certain to run down the game very soon.

"What more?" gasped the agonized lady, of the one who had enlightened her thus far, striving in vain to conceal the tumult of suspense and pain which whirled through her brain.

"Ah, married to Sir Israel, day before yesterday. 'Tis a pity, for the baronet is a despicable person, though rich enough, the good God knows. Any one of a hundred handsome and amiable young men, of good families, would have been glad to marry *la belle Americaine*, since her father was so fast to get rid of her. Some of the young Englishmen went about with *cravats* on their arms yesterday—it was only half in jest they were, either—and a poor jest I call it, Madame, do you not?"

"How do they know about the marriage?"

"Oh, it is but a rumor; yet it is generally believed. They say they found her in a little country inn about five miles from—. Monsieur Goldenough seems to have had great authority over his daughter, for she gave up, when once caught, and became most obedient, going to the mayor and the church, the next morning, as meek as a mouse."

"You speak as if well-informed."

"I only cho the rumors which are in every one's mouth, Madame. It may be so, or may not be."

And this was the welcome which awaited Madame D'Eglantine in Baden!

Mr. Vernon was equally distressed. His love for Violet was that of the fondest of parents; he had long indulged a favorite dream that she and Charles Ward would join hands and hearts and together be the comfort of his declining years. Even after her mother had come, with dazzling prospects which made the fair girl the peer of nobles, he still clung to his first plans for her happiness, believing that some time Madame D'Eglantine would be won to think as well of Charles as he did. The idea of his shrinking Violet forced into a marriage with a *blase*, mean, unprincipled old baronet was terrible; far rather would he have heard that the earth had closed over her sweet eyes forever.

Meantime, their whilom traveling companion, Redmond Rhodes, pursued his leisurely way up the river on one of the little steamers, which go loaded down with passengers, in no hurry for anything, and with no object in view except to get rid of the time comfortably, and to see as much of the country as was convenient. He had been over the ground more than once before, so that nothing had the charm of novelty. He had purchased a pocket edition of Goethe in the German, and enjoyed the reading of one of his favorite poets as he glided gently up the Rhine. Toward evening he left the boat, allowing his baggage to go on, except a small traveling-bag which he had sent up to the quaint old inn of the quaint old town where he proposed to spend the night. He had a pleasant sunset hour in which to examine the cathedral, and another more dusky one in which to rove about the place looking at everything

different from the customs of his own country, with keen eyes; his long walk gave him a good appetite; he ate a solitary supper with a zeal which would have astonished James at home; slept well under the quilts of down which heaped the high bed in the comfortable but old-fashioned chamber of the inn, and awoke the next morning, rather dazed as to his whereabouts, out of a dizzy dream of a pair of velvety black eyes opening softly inside a Quaker bonnet.

The hours began to drag in the dull old town before it was time to expect the steamer in which he was to resume his trip up the river; he sauntered down to the little stone quay to see the arrival of the boat from above going down. He had his bag in his hand; for he had started his bill at the inn and was ready for a start.

The passengers coming off were a commonplace lot of Germans; but, on the deck, Redmond observed, as the steamer lay at the dock a few minutes, were some picturesque tourists, as well as some terribly stupid-looking ones. Quite by herself, on one of the benches on the deck, in a timid attitude, as if she shrunk from her own shadow, sat a peasant girl, young and pretty. The sparkle of a tear in the sunlight, as it fell from her eyes to her hand, first drew the attention of our idle traveler to her. She wore the costume of a Belgian peasant, except that her hat had a broad brim which so shadowed her face that Redmond could only make out a delicate chin, a mouth like a rose, and the tip of a dainty nose.

"That is no peasant's face," he idly mused; "above all things, not the swarthy face of a Belgian girl," and then his eyes roved to the small white hands clasped over the handle of the basket which held her lace-work; and from thence to the fairy feet in the wooden shoes—soft, fair, dimpled, rose-leaf little feet, without stockings, trying to hide themselves in the rude patterns which were far too heavy for the feet.

"Here is some more foolish masquerading!" he thought, memory flying back to the little Quakeress, with the false front and the painted wrinkles, who had once upon a time fainted on his door-step. "This little girl is crying, too. Perhaps she has been in good circumstances and is now reduced to the pittance of a lace-maker, poor young thing!" and Redmond, with the aid of a ready imagination, went on to construct a story to suit the fancied circumstances.

Just before the boat proceeded on her way, a belated traveler was driven in a cab down to the dock, at a furious rate of speed; the cabman jumped down, but not soon enough to open the door for the gentleman who sprang out, flung his fare in the man's face and hurried on to the steamer. Redmond had turned to watch the little scene, as one will who has nothing better to do; when he again looked back at the peasant girl, he noticed that the little rosy mouth was pale, and the slender figure seemed to wish to sink into the deck and escape all human sight; the fingers folded lightly over the handle of the basket had broken it in the sudden, convulsive movement which passed over them. For a moment, as the arriving gentleman disappeared under the gangway, she arose and looked about with an air of such distraction, such terror, that the observer on the dock expected to see her rush to the side of the boat and cast herself headlong into the water. As the head of the new arrival emerged above the floor of the deck, on his way up, she sunk back again despairingly, drew her hat still further over her face, opened the lid of the basket, and took out a cushion and bobbins over which she bent as if deeply engrossed in work.

The bell of the steamer sounded the signal to draw in the plank.

One would have to be in just such a frame of mind as Redmond Rhodes to appreciate the impulse which came over him at that critical moment—he was tired of everything, longing for something to arouse his interest, time was of no consequence, he had no settled plans—and so, as the bell jangled, he set his foot on the plank and sprang into the gangway. To do him full justice we must also admit that the chivalry of a most generous nature had been touched by the sight of the evident terror of the young lace-maker.

"If she needs a friend, why not I, as well as any one?—I am bound to see this little by-play through."

And there was our haughty aristocrat, who, at home, held himself "too good for human nature's daily food," going back down the glorious, romantic Rhine on the same track he had yesterday passed over, just to see what was the trouble with a foolish peasant girl, who had dropped a tear, and broken her basket-handle in a spasm of sudden fright! Redmond would not have done such a thing had there been any one who knew him to observe it; but, being quite free to act on his natural impulses, he was not abashed at the nobility of his intentions nor ashamed to do a good act.

Going on deck, he placed himself at some distance from the peasant girl, took out his copy of Goethe, and began to read and watch.

In a few minutes he heard a suppressed exclamation; the gentleman whose appearance on the dock had so startled the girl had been walking up and down the deck, with a hideous leer on his countenance, looking narrowly at the peasant every time he passed; she had not once looked up, but held her head bent low over her work. Seldom had Mr. Rhodes seen a face so utterly repulsive to him as that of this man; it was old, without any of the benignity of age, a wrinkled page covered over with the ineffable records of a mean and sensual life; the loaves under lip was significant of the character of the man, as well as the small, crafty eyes. His dress was that of a seedy exquisite; his figure bent and low. While the American mutely wondered as to his name and standing, he heard two English tourists sitting near him begin a discussion of the very subject, which enlightened him considerably. One of them remarked, in an undertone:

"There's our old friend, Sir Israel, again. I wonder what he is after now. Something of importance, or he never would have jumped out of that cab in such haste."

"Ten to one it's that pretty Belgian peasant! Do you see how he eyes her? When Sir Israel Benjamin is in a hurry you may know that he is either after a pretty woman or a rich fool. There! I told you so! He is about to purchase a piece of lace—for a pocket-handkerchief," and the tourists laughed.

It was just at this point that Mr. Rhodes had heard the girl's smothered cry; and now he noticed that her hands trembled as she removed the lid from her basket and allowed Sir Israel to inspect its contents. The baronet said something to her—made quite a long speech, in a voice too low for Redmond to catch a word—added, in a louder tone, that he would buy a cravat of her presently—and passed on, evidently desirous of avoiding the suspicions of those on the boat who might know him.

The girl sat for some time after the baronet left her as if in a stupor. Then she pushed her hat a little up from over her eyes and looked about on the people. It seemed as if she looked for some one who might befriend her.

When her glance at last rested on Redmond, a slight flush came into her pale face; her eyes passed on, but they came back to him, questioning, again and again.

His curiosity and interest increased. This was no peasant girl. Two hours passed on without any incident, except the occasional call of the little steamer at some village dock; the passengers were called to dinner in the cabin; Sir Israel, the tourists, the commercial travelers, all went—except the common people who ate their bread and cheese on deck, the peasant, and Redmond Rhodes. Redmond remained where he was—he had breakfasted late, and he longed for an opportunity to speak alone with the girl. She did not wait for him to address her; no sooner had Sir Israel disappeared than she arose and came over to the bench where he was sitting, holding her basket open as an excuse for addressing him.

"You are an American, sir?" she asked, in a trembling voice.

"I am—and you?"

"Oh, yes! and in trouble. I am not—not—I am running away in this disguise, sir; but, indeed, I am not to blame for it. If my mother could know how I am situated—oh, sir, as an American and a gentleman I appeal to you!"

"Be calm, my dear young lady, and tell me what you wish, as if I were your brother. Consider me as such; ask my assistance in any way; I shall be only too happy to serve you."

"Oh, if I could tell you all I trust you, sir, for your face tells me that it is safe to do so. I hoped to reach the steamer and sail for New York, before my pursuers discovered me; but, alas, one of them is on this boat with me, and I am suffering all the horrors—"

"Hush," interrupted Redmond, in a whisper, "he is coming. No, my girl, I do not care to buy. I am no judge of lace."

The girl looked over her shoulder, at this hint, and there stood the grinning baronet, so close that his breath touched her cheek—so close that she shivered with terror as she saw the cold triumph, the gleam of malice, in his crafty black eyes.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SNARE HOLDS AND TIGHTENS.

WHEN M. Goldenough turned away from the gaming-table where he had lost in twenty-four hours all that he had gained in four weeks of extraordinary good luck, and encountered Sir Israel at the door, with a question as to whether he knew where his daughter had gone, he found the baronet in an ill humor.

"Cursi you and your daughter, too, monsieur, if you're going to play in this reckless manner, I'd better keep out of the family. You will ruin yourself, sooner or later, and then what will I get with my lady, but her good looks? She's duced handsome; but one must look out for his interests, you know, for he can't expect another to look out for him. I'm ten fathoms deep in love with mademoiselle; but soft words butter no parsnips; what is her dot and how secured?"

M. Goldenough took Sir Israel's arm and hurried him away to a quiet spot on the promenade; then he faced his friend, and with a sullen smile, asked him, curtly:

"Did you ever chance to hear anything of the estates of the D'Eglantines, in Caen?"

"An immensely wealthy family," answered the baronet, smacking his lips at the very thought of estates far exceeding his own.

"Well, now, I will confide a fact to you. You can act on the knowledge of the fact as you think best. My daughter Violet has no expectations whatever from me; but, on her mother's side, she is the sole prospective heir to every acre of those estates, every dollar of their income. Her mother is a D'Eglantine, and now sole owner of all the property. Violet is her only child, and indisputable successor. Judge for yourself whether it be worth some trouble to secure for a wife a young lady with such prospects."

Sir Israel's eyes twinkled like sparks that have been stirred.

"Has mademoiselle returned to your hotel?" he asked, with sudden interest.

"That is what I am anxious to ascertain. Will you come along?"

The reader knows they did not find the victim of their schemes there.

In the pursuit which followed the baronet proved himself a perfect ferret.

The business seemed perfectly congenial to his peculiar talents.

Then, urged on as he was by the fear of losing an heiress, the very prospect of whose riches made him half delirious with joy, he was better than a dozen hired detectives. The poor child had small chance of hiding herself from such pursuit.

Before dark they were in the second-hand clothing-store, where the woman at first lied obstinately from fear of losing the beautiful garments over which she had been gloating; but when assured that she would remain unmolested by the law, and was offered a handful of silver besides, she soon described the costume which the young lady had adopted, and told how she had directed her to the railway station.

M. Goldenough felt so sure of soon overtaking the fugitive that he would make no use of the telegraph or officers of the law, preferring to conduct his family affairs less publicly. The two men had given chase; but the timid creature they pursued had some wit to elude them; she had doubled on her track, and finally taken to the steamer, after actually seeing her father and the baronet on the train in a car of which she was sitting.

They had discovered their mistake too late to rectify it immediately; and had then resolved that M. Goldenough had better proceed to Bremerhaven and remain there on the lookout, as they had decided that she was making her way there, to sail for America. Meantime, the baronet, who had grown very uneasy over their mistake, undertook to overhaul the steamer at some landing-point of her passage, and keep his eye on mademoiselle until her father claimed her.

We have seen how well he succeeded. When first addressing the pretended lace-maker about her work, he was informing her of how delighted he was to have the opportunity of once more paying his respects to his fiancée and of the pleasure it would be to M. Goldenough to greet his daughter when she stepped from the boat.

"Monsieur Goldenough is not at all angry with your playful masquerading, mademoiselle; but it confirms him in his opinion that you will be safer with a husband than with a father; and he has promised to hand you over to my keeping before twelve o'clock to-morrow."

And Violet, feeling the coils tightening about her, was still conscious of one supreme resolution of her heart and soul—to die before permitting that creature to touch her hand. But how? She knew that it was not so easy to die on a wish. She must have the means at hand. Wistfully she looked at the blue water. If she should attempt to drown herself and be rescued, she knew very well that a marriage or a mad-

house would be her punishment. While thinking over the whole ground her desperate eyes had roved about in search of one kindly human being to whom it would seem tolerably safe to appeal. She saw Mr. Rhodes and recognized him as a fellow-countryman. Somehow, he seemed to inspire her with courage. Did some subtle, inexplicable influence from the mother who had so lately associated with him on board the Germania still linger about him, that Violet should so trust him at first glance and feel as if she had found a defender, who would believe her story and not swallow the fiction that she was mad, as soon as a wicked man chose to accuse her of it?

She would have told the stranger all; but the ever-watchful baronet, fearing that she might do something so rash as to throw herself over the side of the boat, had concluded to go dinnerless and returned in time to thwart her attempt at confidence. Stealing softly on the pair he overheard enough to convince him that mademoiselle was about to appeal to this gentleman, who was also an American, and he resolved that an opportunity should not again occur.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 330.)

RED ROSE.

A SONG.

BY GORDON CAMPBELL.

A red rose gleamed in the sun's glad ray;
A gallant plucked it, and a lady saw.
"That's naught for the lady that I love best,
But a rose for the one that's loveliest."
Two maidens as fair as fair can be,
And one was loved, but which was she?
"A rose, my ladies," the page doth cry,
"That's why the gallant came riding by."
"There's naught for the lady that he loves best,
But a rose for the one that's loveliest."
Said one of the twain, "He thinks me fair;
So she set the rose in her golden hair."
Then said the other, "It fain must be;
He thinks thee fair, but his love's for me."
But the knight that rode in his pride of might
Won death as the prize of the well-fought fight.
And the maiden that chose the better part
Won a red rose and a broken heart.

OLD DAN RACKBACK.

The Great Extraminator.

THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HARRY," "IDAHO TOM,"
"DAKOTA DAN," "OLD HURRICANE,"
"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.—CONTINUED.

Then Dan turned, and with the mother's permission, lifted the baby from the basket and sat down before the fire. He held it as stiffly and awkwardly, and yet as tenderly in his arms as though it had been a mere bubble, liable to disappear at the rudest touch. A quaint, confused smile of delight mounted the old man's face, and it was plain to be seen that the touch of the child thrilled his whole frame with a feeling that he had seldom experienced. His features assumed a different expression. They were relieved of the care and suspense, the fear and anxiety so characteristic of the borderman. A radiance, childlike and gentle in its simplicity, beamed upon the tender infant. And the baby, relieved of its cramped position in the basket, seemed to regard the old man with unconscious delight. It was a meeting of the extremes—the old man, bowed down with age, and the child just from the hands of the Creator; and the contrast was such as to arrest the attention of those around, with a feeling serious enough.

The young rangers gathered around Dan, to look at the baby, whose influence in the cabin seemed like that of a charm. The change in his position, and the bright glow of the fire, relieved the child of its fretfulness, and with its big blue eyes watched the dancing shadows on the rude wall, kicked and crowed and flung its chubby fists as though it had never known a moment's pain.

It was a beautiful little creature, with rosy cheeks and dimpled chin, little pug nose and a tempting little mouth from which the rude old borderman did not hesitate to steal a kiss, now and then.

There was one thing about the child that Dan and the boys did not fail to notice: the clothing and wraps were in strange contrast with those of the dusky chub sleeping in the hammock. Some of them were of fine material and made with skill and taste, which convinced the rangers that the child belonged to persons of affluence, and that it had been stolen by the half-breed and his wife, and was being spirited away. His view of the case was strengthened by their refusal to answer any questions regarding it; and so Dan resolved he would not let them leave the island with the child until they had explained away his suspicions in a satisfactory manner.

"Ar'n't he a rosbud of a cherub, boys?" asked old Dan, as, at arm's length, he regarded the little lump of humanity with a look of fond delight and admiration.

Of course all acquiesced in the old man's opinion, and for some time a scene of domestic joy and pleasure was enacted in that old cabin. All forgot the dangers that surrounded them and devoted their attention to the antics and frolicking of the baby and Dakota Dan. The former kicked and crowed, and the latter laughed and talked in the highest glee. The rangers looked on with silent joy. Prairie Paul, too, seemed interested in the baby, for a smile hovered upon his face. The half-breed and his wife sat by, gazing with demure silence into the fire, now and then exchanging glances.

Dakota Dan paid no attention to any one but the baby, over which he seemed transported with delight. His heart, unused to scenes of tenderness, apparently was softened into gentleness, and, like a child, he prattled and played with the infant boy. Now and then a little fist smote the bearded cheek, or little chubby fingers clutched into the scanty beard and pulled until tears ran down the indulgent old ranger's face.

Finally Dan ceased playing with the little one, and said:

"Boys, this is surely a taste of God's sweetest gifts to man; for this is the happiest hour of my life. I do believe. I never thought that war so much sweetness and love in a baby. I don't know that I ever touched one afore, and it makes me feel better, purer and holier. I feel like another man—I feel inspired. Who wouldn't fight to the death for such a little angel as this? Why, boys, I b'lieve the Triangle could whoop a dozens Ingins in a fair fight if it war to save this baby. Humility, old pup, come here! Look at it, dorg, and pass yer opinion."

Humility walked up to his master's side, thrust his nose against the baby's face, then turned and walked away, with a sullen jealousy.

Old Dan indulged in a hearty fit of laughter. "The old dorg's jealous as a Spanish scorpion," but I'll bet he'd fight for the little dumpy-lin', for all that, boys."

A wild, unearthly yell greeted his ears as he emerged from the cabin.

A score or more of robbers and Indians had effected a landing upon the island, and already the horrible tumult of a hand-to-hand death struggle rent the dismal night afar.

"May God protect the baby!" said Dan, in a tone that seemed prophetic; then he joined his friends in the battle.

One rifle report after another followed in rapid succession.

The young rangers seized their weapons and rushed out of the cabin.

Old Dan kissed the baby, dropped it into the basket, and taking up his rifle, followed his young friends out.

A wild, unearthly yell greeted his ears as he emerged from the cabin.

A score or more of robbers and Indians had effected a landing upon the island, and already the horrible tumult of a hand-to-hand death struggle rent the dismal night afar.

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CHAPTER XLIII.

OLD HAGAR'S WAIF.

For a while let us leave the rangers, and go down to Mennovalle to look after some who are there.

Major Loomis' party reached home without further trouble, and all were surprised to learn that no one had known of Christie Dorne's abduction. It is true, all were advised that she was absent from home, but they supposed she had followed the hunting-party along with some others who did not start until the day after the departure of the major's train. The settlers all knew that she had positively refused to accompany the party, but now that she was gone, her absence set the gossips to work, for there were gossips in Mennovalle, notwithstanding the Mennonite disbelief in original sin and their otherwise peaceful proclivities. Human nature was the same there as elsewhere, and as it was generally known that the wealthy cattle-owner Mr. Adam Farwell had been paying his respects to Christie, all believed that she had imprudently followed up the party to be near her lover.

None were firmer in this conviction than was Miss Judith Royce. Miss Judith was an American girl of American parents, but who had embraced the Mennonite faith, years before. Her father had been led into this religious belief in order to escape the draft during the Rebellion. Miss Judith was a vain, pretty girl of about twenty summers, whose matrimonial ambition had always made love an object secondary to wealth; and, as Adam Farwell was the only young man in the settlement upon whom she could fix her attentions, a spirit of jealous rivalry sprang up between her and Christie. Not rivalry either, but envious jealousy, for Christie didn't care the snap of her finger for Farwell. Still no one could have convinced Judith of the fact. She was firm in her belief that Christie loved Adam and was exerting every effort known to woman to drag him into her power. And on the other hand, Judith strove still harder to win him away from her, and no sooner did she learn that Christie had left home to join the hunting-party, as all believed, than her indignation and consuming jealousy drove her almost distracted.

Judith cast about her for a friend to whom she could look for sympathy, and could think of no one unless it was aunt Hagar Cummings, a veritable old gossip and mischief-maker, yet withal a kind-hearted and valuable neighbor. Aunt Hagar was of French extraction, and had once been married to an Indian chief, by whom she had one or two children. After the death of her red-skin husband, she was married to Mr. Cummings, a kind, easy, honest old Pennsylvania Dutchman.

The Cummings' lived about a mile from the main settlement, and thither Judith made her way. She found aunt Hagar all alone at her knitting, humming a lullaby to a rosy-faced little boy-baby that reposed in a cradle before her.

"Why, Judith, darling!" the old woman exclaimed, resting her knitting upon her knee, "I am so glad you thought enough of me to come up and see me while the old man war away. I git so lonesome here alone."

"With this little darling to keep you company," replied Judith, rushing to the cradle and kissing the baby until it was almost smothered.

"Oh, a little chit like that's lots of company, it's true, but then ole folks like me wants some one to talk to and talk."

"I know jist how you feel, aunt Hagar; I have felt so myself; but, aunt Hagar, have you heard the latest news?"

"Why, no!" exclaimed the old woman, as if startled with horror. "I haven't heard nothin'; I sit her from morning till night and don't see nor hear anybody. It's a good thing I'm not inclined to gossip, or I'd die for want of an opportunity to hear and tell stories. But what is it, Judith, dear?"

"Why, that impudent Christie Dorne has followed the hunters. She slipped away unknown to any of us."

"Mercy heavens! you don't say?" cried the old woman.

"It's a fact, aunt Hagar, though I blush to acknowledge the fact—to think that one of my sex is so devoid of womanly propriety," and Judith sighed heavily.

"That's no more than could be expected of Christie Dorne, or the likes of her," said the old woman, with a confidential air; "though for the world I wouldn't say anything against her on her brother's account, for the poor, dear man has trouble enough with her."

"But what do you suppose takes her off after the party, aunt Hagar—that's the question."

"Humph! Mercy sakes; that's easy enough guessed: Adam Farwell, to be sure."

"That's it exactly, aunt Hagar. If I'd been in her place I would 'a' died before I'd 'a' followed them after saying I wouldn't go."

"That's what any decent girl would have done, Judith, though I would not, for all the world, harm one hair of the poor, unfortunate Christie's head. No, no; I'm not inclined to make mischief, nor speak harsh of my neighbors, but I do think Mr. Farwell had ought to inquire into Christie's character before going so far."

"Do you know anything about her, aunt Hagar?" asked the jealous girl, eagerly.

"Don't ask me, Judith," said the old woman, knitting away vigorously, with a knowing toss of the head, and a significant glance at the cradle.

Judith's heart fluttered with joy, for she believed she had at last struck the proper keynote to her heart's desire. She knew by old Mrs. Cummings' answer that she was dying to tell something—some secret, which a little confidential coaxing and flattery would bring out with all the details.

"I am sure, aunt Hagar, it is our Christian duty to point out all pitfalls to our benighted brethren. If Mr. Farwell is likely to stumble into a pitfall hidden under a pretty face, he should be warned. What does our Guide say in regard to this?" and Judith reached up and took from the mantel-board a copy of the New Testament, the only rule of Mennonite faith. She selected different passages and read them to aunt Hagar, enlarging both upon the language and construction, as occasion suited. In this manner she worked the old lady up to the keenest sense of her Christian duty, and when she saw tears pouring copiously from Hagar's eyes, she felt that a spontaneous flow of all her secrets was sure to follow.

"So you see, aunt Hagar," the invidious girl continued, "that it is your duty to give such information as will benefit a fellow-being."

"I see it now, Judith, dear; it is better to keep a pure soul from the stain of crime than to save one from destruction already bearing a stain. We must rescue Mr. Farwell before he goes too far."

"Then Christie is not worthy of his love?" persisted Judith.

"No, Judith, no," sobbed the old woman.

"What evidence have you of this, aunt Hagar?"

"That—that poor little waif," she said, pointing to the baby before her; "that is Christie Dorne's child."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Judith, bursting into a flood of tears, and weeping, not with sorrow and grief for Christie's dishonor, but with a joy that was uncontrollable.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE SECRET OF THE BLUE LEDGE MINE.

"Oh, aunt Hagar!" cried Judith, when she had somewhat recovered from her intense emotions, "tell me this is not true of poor Christie."

"I wish I could, Judith, for she seems like a sweet, dear soul," replied aunt Hagar; "but her child was born six months ago in our cabin, and well has the secret been kept. It was not her desire to keep it secret."

"The bold, impudent thing!" exclaimed Judith, her grief turning to scorn and indignation.

Mrs. Cummings continued:

"But it was her brother's desire, and he pays me well for my service in having tended Christie during her illness, and for taking care of the baby now. It nearly killed her brother; I never heard one take on as he did. I rather think he wants to keep the whole matter a secret from Farwell, for I know he wants Adam to marry Christie, and it'd be a shame for him not to know the truth."

"Yes, I know so, too; but, please Heaven, he shall not marry a girl as unworthy of him as that Christie."

"She always claimed to me, Christie did, that her child was not a disgrace to her; but that she had been legally married, and that it was the blessing that crowned her union with a young man whose name I have forgot. She persists in keeping it a secret; but why, I can't say."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Judith. "Well, it has been hard for me to think evil of Christie. But does her brother not know of her marriage?"

"It seems he don't. She told me that Herbert hated the man she had married, and through hopes of his becoming reconciled, she had kept it a secret from him. Though, when her child was born, she told him it was no disgrace to her; and that she would yet prove it. The reason she has aided her brother in keeping the matter a secret was through some fear of not being able to establish the facts of her marriage, should her husband be killed or die before he came after her, as he promised, he would this fall. She tells that, at the time of her marriage, she was living with her brother at Virginy City, and so she went over to Carson City one day to spend a few months with some cousins; and while on this visit she was married and lived with her husband some two months before she returned home. Her cousin was witness to her marriage, she tells me, and advised her to never go back to her brother; but she promised her dying mother, she says, that she would never leave her brother without his consent; and this was another thing that made her stick to him through all this suffering and torture. If her husband is living I hope he'll come and take care of her and his child, for I can't keep it much longer. It's a darling little chub, but my strength and health won't."

"I'd let her tend to her own brat," said the amiable Miss Royce, "and then she will not have so much time to go on pleasure excursions. Somehow or other, I can't put implicit faith in her stories, aunt Hagar. It's natural enough that she would concoct some apparently truthful story to conceal her shame."

"Well, time will tell," answered Hagar, and the subject was permitted to drop.

Judith soon took her departure, feeling that all her jealousies had been without foundation, and that the way was clear to Adam Farwell's heart.

Three days later Major Loomis and party returned from their hunting excursion, to find the settlement in an uproar and excitement over the abduction of aunt Hagar Cummings' baby.

Christie Dorne fell fainting at the news. When she recovered consciousness, she found she was lying upon a bed in her own home, with her brother watching by her side, and his face wearing the deepest trouble.

Starting up, she exclaimed:

"Oh, brother! have they found my baby?"

"Not yet, sister; but we will find it. It has been ascertained that some vagabond Indians were around the Cummings' cabin the day of the abduction, and it is supposed they stole it away. As soon as you are well enough for me to leave, I shall head a party in search of it. Your child shall be recovered."

Christie was startled by her brother's words, spoken so kind and affectionate. Something had touched and softened his heart toward her; and it seemed more like a dream than reality that he should dismiss all selfish motives and address her with his former brotherly affection.

"Herbert, oh, Herbert!" she cried, "it pleases me to hear you speak thus—oh, you don't know how it pleases me!"

"No doubt of it, Christie, since I have been such a cruel, selfish monster toward you. But you were in a measure to blame, sister. Had you told me some things you have kept from me, I could not have done as I did."

"What has changed you, brother?" asked Christie.

"This," he said, holding up a letter. "I received it from the mail-carrier a few minutes since. It is from cousin Bertha, of Carson City, and in it she asks: 'Has Christie ever told you the Secret of the Blue Ledge Mine? I comprehend the meaning of that Secret. You and Idaho Tom were married there, as narrated by Squire Kit Bandy, a few evenings since. I merely guess at your having married Tom; am I right?'"

"You are, brother; and cousin Bertha and Dan, and several other persons were there as witnesses. We were all *en mask*, and Squire Bandy did perform the ceremony. Tom and I were visiting our friends at Carson. You know, brother, why I have kept all this from you, and now I have only to ask your forgiveness."

"You have nothing of which to be forgiven. It is I, Christie, who should ask forgiveness. But no longer will I stand between you and Tom, if he is living. He has shown a spirit of manhood and forbearance with me, worthy of any one. I shall assist you to find both your young husband and babe."

"Oh, brother! this is joy to my ears! I knew you would not be heartless and cruel when you knew the truth, which I have been afraid to tell you so long."

"Had I known all this sooner, things would doubtless have been different. But, did you know Idaho Tom was in this country, before you met him the other night?"

"I knew he was coming," she answered. "He was to have been here in two weeks from this time—the time limited for telling you the secret of the Blue Ledge Mine. But I fear some danger has befallen Tom, Herbert—that all is forever lost—my babe and my husband."

"You left him, then, on the prairie?"

"Yes; it was he that rescued me from the outlaws' wagon, though neither of us recognized the other in the darkness. Afterward, Kit Bandy sent him to me on the prairie. While together, a band of robbers approached. He placed me on his horse and I fled, leaving him alone to contend with the villains. If, however, he is in the power of the outlaws, he will be released. This I was promised by one in whom I have great confidence and hope. But our babe—oh! what cruel wretch has torn him from me at this hour when all should have been happiness!"

The young mother wrung her hands and wept bitterly.

At this juncture there came a rap at the door.

Herbert Dorne answered the summons, and admitted Major Loomis to the house.

"My young friends," he said, without any prelude, whatever, "I am just down from Cummings' cabin, and the old woman has made the revelations of more secrets than the old Scratch could shake a stick at, concerning that baby—says it's Christie's."

"It is, major," answered Christie. "I have made a clean breast of all to brother. The babe was mine, and Idaho Tom's my husband."

"Your husband! Who ever heard of the like before?"

"You remember Kit Bandy's story of the secret marriage in the Blue Ledge Mine?" asked Herbert.

"Yes, I do remember it; so you were one of the party, were you, Miss Christie? Well, I know now why you fainted when Squire Bandy told the story. By gracious! if this ain't a relief to me, I don't know. But why have you kept this a secret so long, Christie?"

Christie told him all the particulars of her brother's dislike for Idaho Tom; her dying mother's request, and her clandestine marriage with Tom while visiting friends at Carson City.

"Such a story of self-denial and sacrifice!" exclaimed the bluff old major; "why, Herbert, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, and make all reparation in your power."

"This major, I have promised Christie, and propose to set off at once in search of her husband and babe," said Herbert.

"Well, I hadn't got through about that baby and old Mrs. Cummings. The old woman's about distracted, and in a moment of frenzy, in which the phantom of a guilty conscience lashed her spirit into the fear of some terrible punishment, made a clean breast of all. After telling whose child it was, she was up and told where it was; and now what do you think she done with it?"

"Heaven only knows!" cried Christie.

"Why, she gave it away—gave it to her half-breed son and his wife, who have been visiting her, and wanted the child for a mate for theirs. Beats anything on record."

A terrible weight was lifted from Christie's heart.

"When did they leave here?" she asked.

Yesterday morning, on foot. They struck for the country away north of the Missouri. We can follow them on horseback—we'll have that baby or ransack creation over and under, and I for one am ready to strike out."

"I will be ready in a few minutes, major," said Herbert; and when the minutes were up, Christie, brave and peerless Christie, was mounted and equipped to accompany them in search of her child and her gallant young husband, Idaho Tom.

CHAPTER XLIV.

KIT BANDY IN A TIGHT PLACE.

LEAVING the Mennonite folks to pursue their way in search of Christie's child, we will return to those whom we left in the night on the Powder river.

"Now, who be you, anyhow?"

"The boys, Dinah," answered Kit, and the two men stepped into the cabin, without waiting for an invitation.

The woman opened a dark-lantern, and flashed it into their faces.

"Oh, Lor! 'a' mercy! you's strangers here!" cried the fat wench before them, in accents of terror.

"We know it, but we want to lodge here to-night."

"You jist git out ob here, dat's what you do! If de ole massa comes and find you here, he jist raise ole Nat!"

"We want something to eat and drink, Dinah," said Flea.

"Not a bite, not a drink shall you have," she answered; "and fo' de Lord you'd better trampooz from dis bungalow."

"Where are the men folks?"

"Dat none ob your business, either."

"Well, we'll burn the house, hang you, and feed you to the wolves, if you don't tell us where you keep your prisoners—where the men put the young man they brought here an hour ago."

"Lor! sakes, how you talk! You's crazy as a bed-bug!"

The men exchanged smiles, for they saw that the wench was half drunk, while fun of liquor pervaded the room. While Kit kept an eye on the negress, Ichabod rummaged the house over and over, but could find nothing of the prisoner. He found, however, a jug of whiskey, to which he and Kit seemingly helped themselves, and then passed it to the negress.

The old woman's black face, which had hitherto been knit in anger and rage, now melted into a smile, and with a sleepy guffaw, she took the jug, lifted it to her mouth, and drank freely—smacking her lips with high gusto.

Kit and Ichabod next helped themselves to the pantry stores; ever and anon pretending to drink from the jug, and each time forcing the negress to drink with them. This finally terminated in the old woman getting so drunk that she could scarcely stand. Dropping into a chair, she looked up with a drunken leer, and said:

"He's you-ah self, (hic) ole Crickete's nice (hic) and drunk—don't keer a cent (hic) to anybody, so—"

"Hang up de (hic) fiddle and de bow—"

"Dinah, can't you dance?" asked Flea.

"Go 'er, criss I can (hic)," and she staggered to her feet and began to dance, but reeling and tottering like the circular spinning of a top.

Ichabod whistled, and Kit Bandy laughed till he cried.

Suddenly the wench lost her balance and fell. She went down upon the puncheon floor like a log.

"Lor! heavens!" she exclaimed, looking around in a sort of bewilderment, "s'pose I broke through! Why (hic), I'd jist went cl'ar down to de bottom ob de pit (hic) on dat young pris'ner."

"Ah, ha! we've got it already, Kit!" exclaimed Flea.

"I thought a little lubricating would do the nigger's tongue good, and make the secrets slip out of their own accord. Umph!—hugh! a pit under the floor! We will look after that, Christopher Bandy."

They seated old Dinah in one corner, out of the way; then they took up the slabs that comprised the floor, and gazed down. To their surprise they beheld a yawning pit beneath. The rays of the light failed to reach its bottom. Kit, leaning over the edge of the abyss, called out:

"Tom! Idaho Tom!"

His own words came back in a hollow groan.

"He's dead, if he's there, else he's down at the antipodes," said Flea.

The men found a rope ladder rolled up and hung on a strong iron hook, driven into one of the "sleepers" of the floor. At once Kit took it from the hook, unrolled it on the floor, then carefully lowered one end into the pit, fastening the other on the hook. Then, all being ready for the descent, he hung the lantern on his arm, and slowly and cautiously descended the s. aying, quivering ladder. As soon as he had disappeared with the light all was left in blinding darkness in the cabin. Ichabod Flea watched the descending light until it had dissolved into a kind of a twilight in the distant gloom, then with his revolver in his hand, he placed himself between the pit and door, to await the result of Kit's exploration.

Meanwhile, the old negress sat reeling in the corner, totally unconscious of what was going on.

Down into the depths of the abyss descended the fearless detective. The chasm appeared to be a natural one. Its sides were rough and irregular, and in diameter it varied from ten to twenty feet. Here and there, the sharp, jagged edge of a rock was thrust out like a wolf's fang, and here and there holes and fissures, in which a man might have concealed himself, indented the sides. In some of these "pockets" were boxes and bundles, which Kit had not a doubt contained stolen treasure of some kind. But he had not time to examine them, and with a glance at each, passed on. After the descent of fully fifty feet, he reached the bottom of the rift—a hard, smooth, stony floor.

Holding the lantern above his head, Kit glanced around him. The pit was quite spacious and the walls shelving—in other words resembling a long-necked funnel in shape. It would have been impossible for a person to have escaped from it without human aid; and yet after searching the pit through, he found nothing of Idaho Tom, as he had been led to expect he would from the old negress' unguarded remarks. He found a blanket or two; a robe of skins, and other evidence of the place having been recently occupied. But there was nothing to convince him that Tom had ever been an occupant of the dismal hole. He examined every inch of the surrounding walls as high as he could see, but no sign of an opening was visible. He began to speculate over the matter and a fear seized upon him when it suddenly occurred to him that the old Jeezabel was only playing the part assigned her, and that he had been entrapped! This conviction forced itself upon his mind so forcibly that he became inwardly alarmed, and slipping the lantern-string over his arm, he began ascending the ladder rapidly.

He had made more than half the distance, when the voice of Ichabod Flea came down to him like the knell of death in warning notes.

"Good God, Kit!" he exclaimed, "the robbers are upon us!"

The old detective, almost paralyzed with these startling words, hung immovable upon the ladder. He was not long, however, in recovering his presence of mind, and at once began to consider the proper course to pursue. While thus pausing, a horrible scream was heard above, and the next moment a human body shot past him—tearing against the sharp edges of the rocks, rebounding from side to side, and then fell with a sudden thump on the bottom.

"Oh, God! they have tumbled Ichabod into the shaft!" thought Kit, as the sound of wild, wailing voices came from above. "I must go back, or they will cut the rope and let me fall."

He was about to begin the descent, when a little white hand was thrust suddenly out from the rocky wall at his side, and touched his arm.

"Here! creep into this passage, Kit," the voice said.

Then the arm was withdrawn, and Kit turned his eyes in time to see a white, human face disappear in the darkness of the passage before him!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 324.)

A FAREWELL TO KEY WEST.

BY F. X. HALIFAX.

Farewell, my fair island;
Farewell to the breeze,
That blows from the ocean
And sings through the trees.

Farewell to thy beauties
Too many to name;
Forever and ever
Be ever the same!

My ship is all ready;
My boat's on the shore;
Farewell my fair island,
I'll see you no more.

Miss Beryl's Ride.

BY HENRIETTA E. DE CONDE.

"The horse has one vice, Miss Beryl; he does not like ladies!"

The girl gave a scornful laugh and answered incredulously:

"You are an imaginative animal, Mr. Rossmore, and fancy the horse in complete sympathy with yourself!"

Yet, in spite of her scorn, Miss Beryl clenched her small hands and bit her hot lips until a sweet sickness of blood was on them, as she stood close under the hedge while Launcelot Rossmore rode away.

"He despises me!" she thought, and remembered how their first meeting had been down by the river-bottom where she in mad frolic was riding, without saddle or bridle—hale and short-skirted—a wild little pony at piles of drift along the shore.

If ever man had expressed by a look that odious epithet, "Tom-boy!" Launcelot Rossmore had expressed it upon that occasion, and ever since Miss Beryl had clothed herself in willfulness and asperities in his presence to cover the red rash occasioned by the nettle mortification.

Miss Beryl was angry enough to have cried this afternoon, because in her inmost soul she was tantalized with Rossmore's persistent refusal to loan her the beautiful animal he bestowed, as well as by that consciousness of his secret contempt under which she always labored; but the primroses were just blossoming, and as Miss Beryl stooped to gather some growing upon the bank whereon she knelt, a voice on the other side of the hedge arrested her attention.

"There ain't no good a-stoppin' 'ere, I tells ye—the chap 'll be goin' soon—'e jist rid by on is 'orse!"

"That's all right, Snoozer, but has he got the swag?"

"E allus hes it. I'd seed 'im tap the till more nor once an' strap the paper aneath 'is coat! 'E's sure to 'ave lit; they pays on time in these ere mills!"

"All right it is, then; heave ahead!"

Miss Beryl never stirred, and scarcely breathed in her intensity of listening, but as the speakers moved with stealthy tread away over the grass she cautiously parted the hedge-brush and peeped through.

Tramps the speakers were, and with faces hardened and devilish; but in manufacturing districts such characters as these come and go without attracting much attention, and Miss Beryl gathered her primroses and went homeward through the fast-gathering twilight.

A great uneasiness pervaded the girl throughout the evening. At tea she had seemed brighter than ever to Launcelot Rossmore; but, somehow, when it was over and the young man gone, all the gay spirits seemed to desert her and in their place there came such tricksy, melancholy creatures of fancy that early she took her bedroom candle and left them all chatting in the moonlight to sleep off her *neurasthenia*.

It might have been two hours, perhaps three, that she slept, and then her eyes flew open, wide, as if sleep and they had never made acquaintance. The house was still as if all were dead, but through the window there came the shrill neigh of a horse, and Miss Beryl knew that Rossmore's faithful Warwick, too, was waking.

Why was it that the villainous faces of the two tramps at whom she peeped through the hedge should intrude upon her now? Why did their words come back to her slowly as if uncoiling out of a dream?

Launcelot Rossmore had been driven away to the upper mill directly after tea. In the early morning the men were to be paid, and it was the agent's custom to carry money for the purpose in a belt under his coat.

Something like a nightmare seized upon Miss Beryl's limbs, and held her motionless, but her mind, like a camera, was taking impressions of a lonesome brick office standing at the head and apart from the mill village of a man there sleeping with a leather belt under his head—of the two hard-faced tramps upon the highway—of robbery and perhaps murder; and again the neighing of Warwick rung in impatiently from the stable, and Miss Beryl threw off her terror of inaction and was half-way across the lawn before she fairly realized with what purpose, and toward what she was hastening.

Then she stopped short and screamed loudly, once—twice; and then came a sense of the utter uselessness—for they were a household of invalids and women of all within sound of her voice, in such an emergency, and she pressed forward toward the stable.

The sound of her own voice had given her a little control over her nerves and faculties, and again Warwick whinnied sharply.

Through the hurry and trouble of the moment there came to her vividly the words of Rossmore:

"The horse has but one vice—he does not like ladies!"

But there was no other way to reach the office upon the hill, and stories of fierce, untamable animals that had proved docile as the trained hound in time of need, flitted through her brain.

Her hand was upon the stable latch and now the door is open. Warwick looks out at her with eyes that seem human and have reproach for her delay in their brown depths. As she pushes beside him into the stall something brushes roughly against her face, and instinctively she pulls a man's weather suit from its hanging. Should she put them on and save the fiery Warwick the frosting skirts?

One moment of irresolution with the odious epithet, "Tom-boy," written across its face, and then Miss Beryl stands out in the moonlight, strangely metamorphosed, and Warwick again rung out his impatient neigh.

How she put saddle and bridle upon the horse was the mystery of afterthought to her, but presently, she sat him out, trembling within her, lest at the last moment the animal should turn rebel and refuse to let her mount.

And some of us say and insist that there is no intelligence save in man, yet Warwick stood as if an onyx carving while the girl leaped to her seat, and obedient to her voice, darted away toward the hill road as if of himself he knew the threatening danger and meant to do his part.

There was a bridle-path more wild and lonely than the cart-way, but a shorter cut to the mill on the hillside and into this Miss Beryl turned. A flock of young trees trooped up on either side, and with their leafy fingers beckoned her on, but the girl, with that feminine terror of shadows when there is danger abroad, looked neither to the right nor to the left, but only straight on up the hill path with agonized, affrighted longing.

Steeper and more steep grew the narrow pathway; denser and more drear the shadows; still, on they went, like phantom creatures of the night, the sure, swift hoofs of the horse striking no echoes from the grass-grown earth—the white lips of the girl making neither cry nor moan as the low branches lashed her face and tore at her hair, and the brook beside which she rode seemed a voice of menace as it gurgled down the hill.

At last the clearing is reached—the slow, dull sob of the mill-wheel falls upon Miss Beryl's ear like the travail of a friend, and now the little brick office, dark and still—ah, deathly still—dawns upon her sight.

If she should be too late? Softly she reins Warwick into the shadow of the white birches, and throws the bridle over a trimmed, stout bough, then, crossing with flying feet the moonlit square, she jerked nervously at the latch of the office door.

She heard a sudden start—a noise of slipped feet upon the floor, and then a voice spoke out:

"Who is there?"

"Hush!" Miss Beryl whispered in an agony of apprehension. "Open the door quick; they may be already here and hidden somewhere in sight of me!"

The heavy door swung suddenly upon its hinges and the girl staggered blindly into the place.

"In the name of Heaven, what is the matter?" asked Launcelot Rossmore, with a sharpness of dread that sudden calamity had fallen upon them at the house in some incomprehensible way.

Miss Beryl's senses were becoming confused, but she realized that there must be an explanation made, and sunk down into a chair against which she had stumbled in the darkness, saying:

"In one moment, Mr. Rossmore, and please do not light your lamp!"

"What new freak of the hoyden was this?" thought Rossmore, as he dropped his half-burned match upon the floor.

But, Miss Beryl had seen his face in the tiny sulphurous flame, and gathering all her forces, she told, in a steady voice, the story of the tramps, and of her ride through the night.

With eyes now grown accustomed to the darkness he could define her figure dimly in the chair as she spoke, and as the emotional, steady voice went on, he could have cursed himself for an arrogant boor for his contemptuous judgments of this brave young creature; but he only said:

"God bless you, Beryl!"—then, after a pause of thought, continued: "Let us go across to the engine-house and prepare a reception for these gentlemen!"

Still, they crossed the little square in the shadow of the tall mill, and reaching the door, Miss Beryl whispered:

"I will wait here!" and Rossmore at once respecting a delicacy so newly recognized, passed in before her.

A moment the girl listened breathlessly, and then like a phantom that parts her eyes from light and then is gone, sped away under cover of the ghostly birches to where Warwick pawed the earth softly and tossed his handsome head in impatient waiting.

It was the work of an instant to mount, and after all seemed a troubled dream until she lay once more upon her bed, with the gray dawn creeping in at the window, and a strange bewilderment of feelings, tender and resentful, toward the man for whose sake she had made that mad and lonely ride, escorted her rest.

All that day following, Miss Beryl lay upon her pillows, weak, exhausted, and protected from all thoughts of living or of life by woman's specious plea of headache.

The little library was deserted and dark when she stole down stairs in the evening, but, as the swish of her garments broke through the stillness, Launcelot Rossmore stepped in at the window.

"You are ill!" he said, and placed her in an arm-chair close to the window, where the voiceful night-wind toyed sweetly with the overhanging eglantine, and the moonlight cast a yellow glow around her.

"How shall I thank you for last night's work, Miss Beryl?" he asked, when she was comfortably settled.

"By telling me how you caught the robbers!" she answered, hastily, unwilling that he should approach to sentiment, and she with womanish tears so near to shedding.

But, Launcelot Rossmore was every whit a man. No subterfuge should put him off when once he had determined upon anything, and heeding her startled eyes, he said:

"You are the bravest woman in the world, Miss Beryl!"

"You mean that I rode Warwick?" she nervously commented.

Through a magnetism not to be resisted, Rossmore drew up to his her hiding eyes, and no longer evading what she read there, Miss Beryl listened to a tale of contrition—of royal homage and awakening love, told as men tell those things who are deeply in earnest.

But Miss Beryl had pride. She would not so soon confess a love that had grown sweetly in the midst of resentment and mortification in her heart, and so she said to him:

"Wait! Patience and devotion are the strongest friends your sex have ever had at court!"

However, when the tiger-lilies rear up their gold-crowned heads from the meadow grasses, and the white birches clothe themselves in a phantasy of green, Miss Beryl will be Miss Beryl no longer, and Launcelot Rossmore will have taken unto himself a wife.

A Boston tailor has had his billheads stamped with a picture of a forget-me-not.—*Whitehall Times*. This is all right as long as customers have enemies.—*Norristown Herald*. Yes, but these dandy lions are apt to bite black.—*Boston Globe*. And then have the bills sent to their poppies too.—*Commercial Advertiser*. Well, a fellow has got to have jessamine of wealth to pay for clothes nowadays, they have been so "in" with the war. It's silly for a man to cry "don't happen to have his tail—Sunday Courier". Better dainties make no sign than owe the tailor you cannot pay.

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE LEAGUE PENNANT CAMPAIGN.

WITH the close of July ends the fourth month of the League pennant series of contests, and it will not be out of place to go into a little "probabilities" on the subject, to the extent of calculating what the ultimate issue of the campaign will be. Before doing this we proceed to give the figures of the record which, to July 31st inclusive, are as follows. The club names are given in the order of won games:

Clubs.	Chicago	St. Louis	Hartford	Boston	Louisville	Mutual	Athletic	Cincinnati	Games won.
Chicago	10	8	4	4	4	4	4	4	35
St. Louis	8	10	4	4	4	4	4	4	35
Hartford	4	4	10	4	4	4	4	4	35
Boston	4	4	4	10	4	4	4	4	35
Louisville	4	4	4	4	10	4	4	4	35
Mutual	4	4	4	4	4	10	4	4	35
Athletic	4	4	4	4	4	4	10	4	35
Cincinnati	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	10	35
Games lost	7	14	10	19	24	24	26	35	159

It will be seen that 159 games have been won and lost, and the Louisville club have played single tie games with the Hartford, Athletic and Mutual nines, making a total of 162 games played in all. From the start each club had to play seventy games with every other club. This makes an actual total of 280 games to be played during the season. Of this number 159 have been played—not counting the ties, which have to be played off, leaving 121 yet to be played to finish the quota. Dating from July 31st, the number of games to be played by each club is as follows:

Clubs.	Chicago	St. Louis	Hartford	Boston	Louisville	Mutual	Athletic	Cincinnati	Games to be played.
Chicago	6	8	4	4	4	4	4	4	38
St. Louis	8	6	4	4	4	4	4	4	38
Hartford	4	4	6	4	4	4	4	4	38
Boston	4	4	4	6	4	4	4	4	38
Louisville	4	4	4	4	6	4	4	4	38
Mutual	4	4	4	4	4	6	4	4	38
Athletic	4	4	4	4	4	4	6	4	38
Cincinnati	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	6	38

Here we have a fair basis for a calculation as to the probable issue of the contest by November, as far as the three leading clubs are concerned, viz.: the Chicago, Hartford and St. Louis nines. The Chicago have won thirty-five games and have twenty-eight yet to play. Of these twenty-eight they have ten to play with the Boston, Louisville and Cincinnati clubs which have thus far been unable to win a single game from the Chicago "Whites." It is, therefore, a fair presumption that they will not lose a single one of the ten they have yet to play with the same nines. With the Athletic and Mutual clubs the Chicago have lost single games out of the twelve they have played with them. Allowing that in the eight games still to be played with these two clubs they will lose one to each, that will leave them to be credited with six victories. In their games with the Hartford and St. Louis nines the Chicago stand even—three to three and two to two. Granted that the same ratio of victories will be obtained in the ten games yet to be played, that will leave Chicago to be credited with five more, or a total in all of twenty-one games, which with the thirty-five won makes a total of fifty-six games and fourteen defeats as their full record at the close of the season. Now let us see what Hartford's chances are, based on the same calculations.

Hartford has won twenty-five games and has thirty-five to play. Of this latter number they have to play six with Boston—whom they have thus far beaten every game; five with Cincinnati, with which nine they have lost but one game; six with Athletic, with which they have won every game. Crediting them with sixteen victories out of the seventeen games to be played with these nines is giving them a very good show. With the other nines they have not been so successful, they standing even three to three with St. Louis and Chicago, two to two with the Mutuals. With the Louisville they stand at five to one. Taking these results as a criterion of their coming play, we find that "probabilities" credits them four won games with Chicago and St. Louis, three with Louisville, and three with the Mutuals; in all ten games, which with the sixteen from the other nines makes up a total of twenty-six, or fifty-one victories in all for their full credited nineteen defeats.

Now comes St. Louis, and we find that they have got to play twenty-nine games, of which seven are with the Athletic and Cincinnati clubs—pretty safe to be called won games; five with the Mutuals, whom they have defeated four out of five games, and seven with the Boston and Louisville nines. A fair calculation will give the Browns fifteen victories out of these nineteen games and giving them half of their ten games with the Chicago and Hartford clubs it would bring the total up to twenty, which with the twenty-seven already won, would make their full record forty-seven victories and twenty-three defeats.

We present this calculation as one which will not be far out of the way when the full record appears in November next.

That St. Louis could do better there is no doubt, but under the circumstances of the present position of the club nines we reckon she will not do better than our figures make out. It is pretty safe to predict Chicago first, Hartford second and St. Louis third in the pennant race when the goal is reached, with Boston a good fourth, where Harry Wright calculated he would fetch up.

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TO MY OLD TEACHER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

It does not trouble me to see
Gray hairs about your crown.
You are the man who brought me up—
But then you took me down.
I owe you grudges by the score:
It seems to me to-day
Since I have grown to be a man
Those grudges I could pay.
You made me dive in nouns and verbs
Five days out of the week,
In hot times when I much preferred
To dive into the creek.
You were the tyrant emperor
Who ruled me with a rod;
Your scepter was a birchen switch
That made us scholars plod.
I loved you with a hate intense
That moved my boyish soul;
If twenty rods could have been one,
On you I laid the whole.
You trounced me when I put an extra
Letter in a word;
When I was prodigal with them
Your anger I incurred.
I thought you tried to bring out sense
When none was there to find;
You always spoke your eyes for me
With many a lick behind.
It was no trouble, sir, for you
To keep me after school.
I thought you took delight to make
Me feel I was a fool.
I said when I grew far enough
Out of my boyhood's woes,
I'd conjugate your eyes for you,
And figure up your nose.
I'd analyze your head with clubs,
And parse your neither ear,
And demonstrate your upper lip,
And demonstrate your hair.
But stop, since I have come to think,
My hate shall turn to love;
You were my teacher seven years—
I've had revenge enough!

Love and Dietetics.

BY LUCILLE HOLMES.

"AUNT MARJORY."

"Well, well, Herbert, I declare to goodness, if 'tain't you! And I laid flat on my back with the rheumatism. Come right here and shake hands with me. Massy sakes alive! how you have grooved, to be sure. Not enny taller, as I know on, but more manish-like—the image of your father the year before he died; only he never wore so much hair on his face. And so you're really at Dale Farm again? To think I should have got your letter, and was so beat to think you was a-comin', and hustled around to have things; as I remembered you liked them, and then to go and git one o' my spells!"

"I'm awfully sorry to find you so poorly, aunt Marjory. I hope you do not suffer much pain?"

"Oh! you needn't mind me. As the girl said about the eels being skinned alive, I'm used to it. It's you,—only Hannah to take care of you!"

"But I know that excellent handmaiden, of old. If I'm dependent upon Hannah's tender mercies, I shall get along nicely. Besides, I imagined I saw a veritable fairy hovering about the lower regions."

"La sakes! Herbert, how fanciful you air! That was only Marion. Marion Dale, you know. Though, come to think on't, I don't believe as you've seen her since she was a baby in long clothes, the day you chased one of Edward's pigs to death. Her mother and yours were second cousins. She's spendin' the summer with me."

"Marion's mother is spending the summer with you?"

"Lal bless you, no! She died seven years ago, while you was to that Dutch place, across the water."

"Hiedelberg."

"Yes, that's it, but you'd better run down to ten now. See that you get all the strawberries and cream you want, and plenty of new milk; and I made a batch of currant pies myself, and a hull crock full of those little plum cakes you used to like. Ask Hannah where everything is, and just make yourself at home as you are, and as contented as you can till I git round again."

"I'll try, auntie," Mr. Wellesly answered, dutifully, and went down to the dining-room—to luscious homemade bread and butter, preserves, pies, cakes, strawberries and cream, and Marion Dale. Probably Mr. Wellesly deeply regretted aunt Marjory's absence from the large, cheerful dining-room and her place at the head of the tempting flower-decked table. But he bore his grief with becoming fortitude, and a casual observer might have noted that he did justice to the supper, and seemingly enjoyed eating it *en te-le-a-te* with a graceful young hostess who made a bewitching picture where she sat back of the tall silver tea-urn. Mr. Wellesly enjoyed the companionship of refined women and was a keen admirer of beauty. And Marion Dale, intellectually and physically, was a young lady quite fitted to be a pleasant companion, even to men of as cultured tastes as this handsome, silken-bearded, distant cousin of hers.

That Marion was gay and wild-spirited her frank, laughing self-introduction told Herbert as well as the merry dimples that came and went seductively in the ripe rich bloom of her cheeks, and the mischievous curves of her red bow-shaped mouth and gleams of her warm brown eyes. But, just as surely that she was well-read and classically-educated, her manners, tone and conversation betrayed. And so Herbert Wellesly enjoyed the artistic effect of his companion's transparent, pale-buff draperies with black velvet scattered here and there in dainty bows and contrasting with the firm, pearly flesh at rounded throat and waist; noted the dazzling beauty of her teeth, watched the dark clustering curls above her brow get prettily disordered by the gusts of clover-scented air that wandered in through the deep porch and wide-opened door; smiled a little amused smile at Marion's coquettish way of drooping her long-fringed lids over her brilliant eyes; and was entirely contented that instead of spending his entire vacation at fashionable resorts he had come for a little to this favorite place of his boyhood.

Though, in the reader's opinion, it may somewhat detract from the admirable qualities of Mr. Wellesly and Miss Dale, it must be acknowledged that those young people, through the ten days that followed, did not exhibit any great amount of grief at aunt Marjory's continued inability to share their companionship. And while that good lady, herself, fretted and fumed in the room she was unable to leave, and bore with more equanimity the tortures of the rheumatism than her double of her pet nephew's ability to be contented at Dale Farm while she was incapacitated from doing its honors, the pet nephew, himself, with the exception of the times when he paid her demure and sympathetic calls, quite forgot that such a person as aunt Marjory existed and was wont to be the presiding genius of the old house, so well did Marion fill her place.

Indeed, Marion more than filled aunt Marjory's position as hostess. She accompanied

Herbert on all his trouting expeditions and could tell him just where the beauties hid c-y-l-y. She drove with him in the afternoons and galloped over the New Hampshire roads with him in the twilight. If she helped Hannah by picking strawberries, or sat in the porch and lulled them, or shelled peas, Herbert watched her—smoking, and leaning against the garden fence, or played at helping her—sitting on the shady steps at her side eating the largest berries or reading Browning to the rhythm of the peas trickling into the pan. And through the fragrant evenings they talked late under the shadows of the honeysuckles or promenade through the drifts of moonshine that lay under the maples.

But all this was only in accordance with aunt Marjory's daily morning command to Marion, to try and keep Herbert from feeling homesick. Though it is questionable whether that good woman would have approved of her injunctions being carried out so strictly as to comprehend a series of midnight partings between the young folks. Of these Marion did not make mention; and if old Hannah had her suspicions that the usual rules of the staid household were being disregarded, nightly, she kept them to herself with the reflection that she had "been a young gal, once, herself."

It was during one of those delicious evenings when all within the house was slumberous silence, and for miles over the hills and farmlands only Herbert and Marion were awake, that the two ceased from their promenade under the maples, and seating themselves side by side upon the lower step of the old stoop, dropped from gay repartees into that sympathetic quiet which is only possible between companions who have the feeling of fully understanding one another. The gentleman gazed at the stylish head and richly-tinted face near him, while their owner seemed lost in reverie. Marion was the first to speak. Turning, suddenly, the gleam of the rose-diamonds that formed a monogram on Herbert's locket caught her eye and suggested her words.

"Do you know, cousin Herbert"—they had decided to claim their relationship—"that I have not asked, yet, to see the inside of your locket? Will you not reward such resistance of curiosity on the part of a woman by telling me whether there is a picture in it?"

"Yes; there is."

A long pause, broken by Marion's looking at him archly and saying:

"Well?"

"Herbert" repeated, provokingly.

"I suppose it is impossible for you to imagine that I would like very much to see it?"

"Oh, no! not at all impossible to imagine such a thing. Still, I believe you have not expressed any such desire."

Another pause, during which Marion's lips shaped themselves into an unmistakable pout. Herbert drew out his watch and remarked, so casually:

"Really, Marion, I had no idea it was so late. I must bid you good-night."

As he extended his hand Marion exclaimed, with a charming mixture of authority and pleading:

"I do want to see the locket. Please show it me!"

He detached the ornament, opened it, and placed it in her palm. The moonlight fell upon the tiny ivory type within, showing a dazzling pink and white face, tender blue eyes, and a tangle of yellow-fair hair.

"How lovely! She must be a dear friend."

"Why?"

Marion's lids drooped, slightly, and there was the least possible quiver about her red mouth, as she answered, gravely:

"You are not the kind of man who would carry about any ordinary woman's picture."

"Well," Herbert replied, watching Marion intently, "this is scarcely the picture of an ordinary woman. She was the greatest heiress and belle in town, last season."

Herbert was far too much of a gentleman to add that this charming woman cared for him, and had used every ladylike art to win his affections, and had, herself, gracefully placed her picture within his locket as a token of her gratitude for some slight favor he had done her. And so Marion put her own construction upon his words, and, as she held out her hand, said good-night with a seriousness quite new to her.

But Herbert detained the hand in his, and when Marion flashed a resentful glance toward him, she met a passionate revelation in the eyes bent ardently and questioningly on her glowing face. Almost in the same minute the girl had faced the possibilities of misery and happiness; but with the promise of the latter her mercurial spirits and latent coquetry beat high. And perhaps Marion never looked more enticingly handsome than at this moment when Herbert Wellesly drew her toward him, and looked down into her face, saying:

"Marion, do you know that my stay is almost up?"

"Not until Saturday?"

"Not until Saturday—two days more. That seems a very short time to me, and before I go I should like an answer to one question. Do you think you can love me enough to become my wife, some day, Marion?"

Marion's lids drooped, and she essayed to draw away her hand as she replied, with studied evasion:

"You can hardly expect me to answer such a question upon the instant and under these circumstances."

"To what circumstances do you refer, may I ask?"

Herbert's love-burdened tones and rich voice grew suddenly severe and monotonous. But Marion's perversity was only increased by this swiftly-changed manner of the man who was but momentarily her confessed lover. She answered, with pretty defiance, determined to know the history of that dazzling beauty who graced Herbert's locket:

"To the picture you wear and your confession concerning it."

Mr. Wellesly dropped her hands and regarded her gravely.

"Marion, I will not be trifled with. That picture does not concern you in the least. Either you do or do not love me. And as my passion for you is not a matter for a coquette's amusement, I desire an instant answer to my question."

"Which I must beg leave to decline giving," retorted Marion, haughtily, her eyes burning like deep amber wine.

One long, surprised, pained glance from Herbert.

"Is it possible you mean to send me away then, Marion?" he asked, with a forced quiet that made the girl's heart throb frightenedly. And when she only bowed he turned calmly to the shadows of the hall.

For a long time Marion stood in the midnight moonlight thinking over the brief little drama, and repenting her folly. Now she knew fully the love she bore for Herbert and that his was a nature that had felt deeply the wounds of her assumed indifference. She told herself, however, that he would renew his suit on the morrow, and she would be honest with him. But her hopes and resolves brought no comfort, and long after she was safe in her

room she sat by the opened window, alternately condemning her own coquetry, and passionately railing at Herbert's coldness and pride as the cause of her misery. At last this self-communing grew unbearable. Her heart-conflict had resulted in a state of excited restlessness and a nervous headache. She longed for morning; but she knew that even if she dozed it would be impossible to sleep, and feeling dry and feverish, she softly opened her door and groped her way to the dining-room. Hannah's ways were quite familiar to her, so that she experienced no difficulty in finding the milk-room key and helping herself to a refreshing draught of the almost ice-cold drink. And then the light of the candle she held fell upon the snowy napkin that covered a plate of cake.

"Herbert's cakes," Marion said, to herself, softly, lifting up the corner of the damask and calling the rich little mounds beneath by the name that they had borne for years at Dale Farm. "I wonder what aunt Marjory would say to what has passed to-night? To-night, Oh, if it would but come morning! Of course he will speak again then!"

And so dreaming, Marion helped herself to a couple of "Herbert's cakes," and stole back to her room. Seated again by her window, opposite the door, she consumed her delicious little lunch, and thought, thought, thought, tormentingly, until the dawn was stealing, ghost-like, up the sky. And then, suddenly, she became positive that slow, stealthy steps were approaching her door—upon which she fixed her gaze with fascinated horror. The steps came on, surely, and then, with a rattling, without the opening of the door, appeared first within the room a whiteness that slowly shaped the form of aunt Marjory, pale and wrathful, and on her one side the smiling, triumphant, dazzling face of the woman with the tender blue eyes, and on the other Herbert—grave and reproachful. Marion tried to put out her hands to them—to throw herself pleading at their feet, but she could only listen powerless to the soft fall of their retreating footsteps. Then the terrible agony of her conscious loss voiced itself in a shriek—loud and startling it seemed to her, bursting the bonds of the terrible numb sleep, only a low, strangled, startled cry it came to Herbert Wellesly, just stepping upon the roof of the porch, to swing himself down by the honeysuckle vines.

Herbert's window was the second from Marion's; but in an instant he stood by her case, and the two looked into each other's eyes in the cool, passionless grayness of the morn.

"What is the matter?" he asked, low and swiftly, looking down into her flushed, frightened face.

"I—I believe I had the nightmare," stammered Marion, growing more confused. "I thought you had gone away."

"I am going now; that is, if you are quite yourself again."

"But I am not—I wish you would stay. What will aunt Marjory say?"

"It makes no difference what aunt Marjory would say, so long as Marion Dale has nothing to say."

"She has, Herbert. She loves you. And—"

—a little sob, and Marion is clasped in his arms, as she says, penitently, "I did all the time. And I will never let my perversity come between us again."

"I hope not, sweet one, for it nearly ended so miserably this time."

"And would you have married her, Herbert?"

"Who knows what might have happened, sweet, but for your fortunate nightmare! However, that has settled that I am to marry you. So bring me that note I just slid under your door."

"The very thing that betrayed me into the horrors! And, Herbert, when we are married, I'll never, never make any of those rich cakes that aunt Marjory compounds for the torturing of one's digestive organs!"

The Girl Mutineer.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

TOWARD the close of an October day in 1777, a vessel sailing in a southwesterly direction crossed the 57th degree of north longitude. Her keel plowed the waves of the North Atlantic, and her destination seemed to be the Azores. She was sailing before a strong wind, and the arrangement of her sails indicated flight, from whom? The naked eye could perceive no pursuer on the bosom of the ocean; but the sea-glasses, leveled by a number of British officers who graced the clean decks, revealed a dark speck on the watery rim of the Northern horizon.

This distant object occasioned much anxiety among the officers, and a silence which had reigned among them for many moments was suddenly broken by a man whose bearing might have proclaimed him an English admiral.

"He still follows," were the words that fell from his lips; "but with the help of Neptune we'll outlast him in the night."

Though the officer spoke with much assurance, there lurked in his tone a latent fear which his companions detected, and exchanged significant glances.

Over the face of the deep night was fast settling, and the vessel kept straight before the wind to the joy of its commander who had lately spoken. The shadows gradually veiled the far-away pursuer from sight, and when the officers separated, expressions of triumph were on their lips.

The British vessel was the Meteor, a fast sailer, whose armament consisted of twenty-eight guns. She was a well built double-decker, and had seen much service in the war which had raged for almost three years between Great Britain and her American colonies. Her speed and her formidable armament had made her a terror to American vessels in European waters. Her commander, a sea-born Englishman, named Guilderooy, was an officer of undoubted courage and cunning, to which he added a vindictiveness that rendered him obnoxious to many of his own crew.

The Meteor was flying from a new and very formidable foe—flying with a hold filled with booty. On the day preceding the one that had just closed upon her in flight, she had captured an American cruiser, after a spirited contest. The prize had proved one of value, and Captain Guilderooy did not wish to risk an engagement with the vessel following in his wake.

Captain Conyngham, the pursuer, was a second Paul Jones. He was one of the most daring spirits of our then infant navy, and his name had become a terror along the coasts of England. He pursued and captured a number of British ships, which he either burned or sent into friendly ports, and when he described the Meteor, fresh from her victory, he hesitated not to crowd all sail and give chase.

There were men on the decks of the Revenge, as Conyngham's vessel was appropriately named, who watched the flying Englishman. Much speculation concerning the result of the

chase ran through the several groups, and Conyngham smiled when he turned to reply to the words of a youthful lieutenant who stood beside him, sea-glass in hand.

"We can outlast her, Gilbert," the American captain said, with emphasis. "This wind favors both of us alike, and in the calm that will soon prevail she must lie by till day."

The young officer turned from his captain, and again his eyes were strained to make out the form of the ship rapidly disappearing among the prevailing shadows.

Conyngham did not return to his glass, but watched the face of his youthful companion.

"I am confident that Miss Temple is on board the Englishman," he said at last.

"Of course she is!" exclaimed the lieutenant with a flush. "I know that she was on board the Meteor when it fell into the Meteor's hands, and I am satisfied that she is a prisoner."

"The fairest prize old Guilderooy has captured in many a long day!" remarked Conyngham with a laugh at the lieutenant's smile, and the flash that lighted up the depths of his anxious eyes.

The conversation was interrupted by an unexpected veering of the wind that pale the cheeks of numerous watchers on the deck, and the officers separated.

Now having learned something of the Meteor's pursuer, let us return to the English vessel.

The calm prophesied by the American captain fell upon the ocean shortly after the dawn of darkness. It worried Guilderooy, and he held frequent consultations with his officers, now on deck, now in his state-room. He held consultations in the latter place over a bottle of choice wine and under the liquor's influence he soundly cursed the Yankee privateer.

Beckled on the water and beneath the stars, the Meteor lay like a huge, slumbering leviathan. Her lights were hidden, and the spectral figures that trod her decks conversed in whispers.

In a small apartment, not far remote from the council cabin, stood a beautiful young girl. There was a look of sorrow in her dark eyes, and her face was quite pale. She appeared to be listening, for her head was bent toward Guilderooy's room from which direction came a faint and confused murmur of voices.

"I know that we are becalmed," she said to herself in an audible tone, "and I know, too, that the officers are worried about it. The men—I know that many of them hate Guilderooy. Didn't I hear the helmsman say last night that the sailors would refuse to fight for the man who rules them with a rod of iron, and when he had spoken thus, didn't he remark to a fellow tar that the prisoners did not know their strength? Yes, that he did! The men think of mutiny, and the man at the wheel now is ready to rise against the captain of this ship. They want a leader; they gnaw in silence the chain of tyranny, with which their captain has bound them. I will spring the mine! I will lead the Meteor's mutineers, and the Revenge may have our prize."

Adaline Temple spoke with a stern determination and clenched her little hands.

The observer would have laughed to think that she had decided to head a body of mutineers—that she, a fragile girl of nineteen, had resolved to rob the English navy of one of its best vessels or perish in the attempt!

She left the room with a resolve well formed, and steadfast in her determination. Like a specter she glided down the darkened corridors of the vessel, and at last, climbing upward with care, reached the deck.

Captain Guilderooy and his lieutenants were below discussing the situation over several bottles of wine.

Adaline saw the stars overhead, and turned her face to the various points of the compass without greeting a breeze that would have pleased the British captain.

The man at the wheel with nothing to do seemed to have fallen asleep, for he started when Adaline's hand fell upon his shoulder, and his hand made a rapid movement toward his belt when he saw her figure.

"I want to talk with you," she said, in a low tone, making no display of the knife whose hilt she clutched—a knife like the helmsman's. "I want to say a few words, and you are going to listen. I heard you use mutinous language last night, and I could have you hung at the yard by speaking to the tyrant Guilderooy."

She saw the look of fright that filled the sailor's eyes, but did not betray herself.

He was her man!

"You are harboring schemes of mutiny at this very moment," she continued, after a brief pause, "and you are not alone in the diabolical work. I will tell the captain before an hour, if—"

Adaline paused a moment, and heard the beating of the sailor's heart.

He stared into her face like a man suddenly frightened by a ghost, and she finished her sentence with lips almost touching his ear.

"—If you do not obey me!"

Then the helmsman's lips parted.

"For the love of Heaven! do not throw us poor devils at the feet of Guilderooy!" stammered the sailor. "He would hang every one of us before morning. Do you want us to mutiny to-night? Our time has not yet come. There be but nineteen of us now—"

"But the prisoners—sixty-two strong men and brave!"

"They are Americans!"

"Nevertheless, they will not hesitate to rescue gallant English sailors from the tyranny of the captain of this ship. To-night! If you say no, I will drive this knife to your heart, and have your comrades hung at the yard before day!"

Then the helmsman saw the knife whose blade flashed very near his breast, and the next moment he stood on the deck.

"We'll do it!" he said. "But Chester is wounded—hurt yesterday by a ball from your ship. Chester was to have led us."

"I will take his place!" said Adaline. "Now let us strike!"

Captain Guilderooy, unsuspecting of the presence of the mutinous spirit on his ship, had placed watchers who belonged to the Chester party.

Adaline soon discovered this, and at length seven determined sailors, armed with knives and pistols, prepared for the fray.

She stationed two of the strongest at the door of the council-room, while as many more guarded the hatches. Then the prisoners were called forth, one by one, until sixty-two strong-limbed Yankee sailors stood on the deck, ready to do their duty.

There was a tumult among the captain's party when the mutiny was discovered, and the officers were apprised of the state of affairs by the discharge of several pistols in the hold.

"Mutiny!" cried Guilderooy, springing from the table, and the next moment having opened the door he found himself flung to the floor by one of the mutineers who guarded the portal.

Another British officer was knocked down, when several prisoners made their appearance, and the inmates of the cabin were secured.

It was one of the most startling and successful mutinies in the annals of the British navy; but the most thrilling part was yet to come.

"Now three cheers for the English sailors!" cried a stalwart mutineer, who had ably seconded the patriot girl.

The cheers were given with a will. They swept far into the night and startled the tenants of another vessel's deck.

"No more—such cheers!" suddenly cried Adaline Temple in a tone of command. "The Meteor is to bear the flag of the American Congress at her mizzen peak. The British mutineers will lay down their arms. Yankee sailors will prepare to shoot those who refuse to obey."

A moment's silence was followed by curses, and the nineteen mutineers looked into the faces of the men whom they had armed with English pistols and cutlasses.

Obedience alone would preserve their lives, and in a few moments the British mutineers were prisoners like their more faithful comrades, and the good ship Meteor was in Yankee hands!

Before dawn rockets revealed the Meteor's position to her pursuer, and the astonished Conyngham soon stood on her bloodless decks.

Then the young American lieutenant encountered the heroine of the hour—the girl on whose finger he had already placed a shining ring.

"I knew that you were near in the Revenge," she said to him, "and I thought I would present you with the Meteor. Why, Gilbert, if I had not led the mutineers, I might have run away from you as I did yesterday!"

Gilbert Farley assumed command of the valuable prize, and in many of his cruises he was accompanied by the gallant girl whose fame was sung on the decks of every vessel in our little navy.

After the war—well, the reader can guess what happened "after the war."

Tales of the Indies

The Battle of the Jute Hooks.

BY YARN.

"You will take one gang of coolies and superintend the loading of that ballast, Mr. Mainstay," said Cap. Brace to me, early one morning, as we prepared to take in ballast and "coolies" for Demerara.

"Ay, ay, sir," I replied.

I did not know one word of the language; this being my first voyage to India, and we had only been in port one week. I therefore requested the chief officer to post me a little as to such words as I should require in working my gang of sixty.

"Take a rope's end. They understand that." "All right," I laughed, and proceeded to the boat, who gave me about a fathom of new manilla rope, one end of which I knotted, and taking an umbrella, I jumped into the lighter containing the coolies and the ballast which they were to put aboard our vessel.

The copper-skinned devils were so lazy that I found it absolutely necessary to use my rope's end freely.

I prevailed four of them making a great time about lifting a small rock, puffing and blowing like so many grunts!

I lost all patience, pushed them away, and with little effort threw the stone upon the first platform of the gangway.

For a few minutes they worked better, but soon commenced to loaf again, but immediately they caught my eye they would "turn to" again.

I suppose I used some language not easily translated into Bengallee, but my rope was very eloquent and I could see by their sideling, treacherous glances that it was wise for me to keep a bright lookout.

Occasionally the chief officer would come and look over the gangway. On one occasion he said:

"Use your persuader, but keep your weather eye lifting, for that fellow with the piebald face looks ugly when your back is turned."

The boat was about half discharged when one devil dropped a rock so near my feet, evidently purposely, that I struck him with my clenched fist and knocked him overboard.

At this moment three men had lifted a huge stone and were swinging it preparatory to throwing it upon the platform.

"Look out for yourself," I heard the bo'sun shout, and I had just time to spring back as the rock was thrown at my person, by the fellow with the piebald face and his two mates.

Then commenced a general fight. At the first I was alone in the boat, and a universal rush was made for me.

I planted myself firmly in the stern of the lighter and swung my rope's end about me in such a manner as to make it quite lively and interesting for my assailants.

In the mean time half a dozen men had sprung from the vessel to my assistance, and the leader of the gang of coolies working in the hold of the ship, called up his men, and everything indicated a fight all around.

The gang we had been working in the hold were of a different "caste" to those under my charge, and a bitter rivalry and hatred existed between them.

Just as the coolies from 'tween decks had reached the gangway, we had driven all my coolies overboard except three, whom we had knocked sense